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PADDIANA;

OR,

SCRAPS AND SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE.

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AGRICULTURE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

PADDIANA;

OR,

SCRAPS AND SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE,

PRESENT AND PAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A HOT WATER CURE."

44919 av

"I have laid downe heere to the reader his view, a breefe discourse, whereof I trust he shall take no great surfet. And when I am aduertised that he will digest the thin fare that heere is disht before him, it may be (God willing) heereafter that he shall find my booke with store of more licorous deinties farsed and furnished; leauing to his choice either nicelie to pickle, or greedilie to swallow, as much as to his contentation shall best becomme him."
RICHARD STANIHURST.

SECOND EDITION.

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PADDIANA,

&c. &c.

EXECUTIONS.

I HAVE been compelled to witness many executions during the seven years of my sojourning in Ireland. I shall take the first, as it was most characteristic of the country and people. It happened at Clonmel, and will follow, appropriately enough, the story of the adventure with the Geoghegans. An individual of the name of Mara had, notwithstanding the cautioning of friends, threatening letters, intimidating notices, and all the means usually resorted to on such occasions, persisted in taking some land "over the heads," as it is called, of the former tenants; and for this Irish crime, not only the offending individual

himself, but all his family, kith and kin, were condemned to die. Upwards of a dozen men, if I remember rightly, were banded together by solemn oaths to shoot down the Maras like wild beasts, wherever they could do so safely; and they went about armed for that purpose. The man who had actually taken the land was to be the first victim, and the conspirators waited long for a favourable opportunity of carrying their plan into execution, dodging him to fairs and markets, and lying in wait for him by the road-side on his return. More than once they fired at the wrong person, and people in nowise connected with the offending party had narrow escapes. The proceedings of this atrocious gang were assisted, and, in a great measure, regulated by a woman. She went from house to house among them, carrying messages and arranging meetings; and she brought them food and drink while lying in wait for their prey. Being unsuspected, she obtained intelligence of the movements of the doomed family, which was immediately reported to the gang. At last the unfortunate Mara was successfully waylaid and shot on the high road as he was returning home from market; and a large reward being offered by government for the

apprehension of the murderers, this woman—this fiend in human form—came forward as approver, or king's evidence, against the rest. She calmly and callously denounced them all; and it almost became a question whether she had not, all along, calculated upon their destruction, and led them on to commit the murder that she might profit by the expected reward. It was shocking to mark the callous indifference with which she gave her evidence against her former friends; and the details of her supplying them with food, as they lay behind banks and in ruined cottages, waiting for their prey—sometimes playfully levelling their guns to cover the person of some unsuspecting traveller—made your blood run cold. Another approver there also was at these assizes, connected, I believe, with the bringing to light of the same conspiracy. He was lodged in an officer's quarters in the barracks for weeks before the trial; and air and exercise being recommended for him, he took his walks about the town with a policeman on either side, each armed with a huge horse-pistol, for his protection. Five, if not more, were executed for this murder and conspiracy. Of the two that suffered first, one was the most muscular man that I ever saw.

He was upwards of six feet high, and of Herculean proportions. Excepting Cribb, Spring, and one or two other professional fighters, I never saw a chest and shoulders of such enormous development. His face was far from good, though not utterly villanous; but the phrenologists might have triumphed in his head. He had scarcely any forehead, the skull receding backward and upward from immediately above the eyes, expanding fully round the back of the crown, and coming straight down, without any marking of the roundness of the skull, in an enormous column of neck. In the muscles of his neck, he certainly came nearer than any man I ever saw to the unnatural exaggerations of Michael Angelo. On the morning of this man's execution, two companies of infantry were formed across the street in which stood the gaol, leaving a clear space about twenty yards broad facing the drop; and outside the infantry, two small bodies of cavalry were formed, also across the street. In the open space immediately below and facing the drop, were the officers and a few magistrates and amateurs. The balcony of iron railing which formed the drop, and to which large folding-doors opened, was immediately over the gaol

gate, and about as high from the ground as the first-floor windows of an ordinary London house. Two men were to be turned-off at a time, the balcony not affording accommodation for more.

On the opening of the folding-doors, when the prisoners came forward, each attended by a priest, it was shocking to see the effect of forty-eight hours' mental agony upon their persons and countenances. The stout man was perceptibly reduced in size; and the faces of both were changed from the sanguine and ruddy glow of health to an ashy and cadaverous paleness.

One would naturally have expected, that on the appearance of such enormous malefactors —the head and front of as foul, as ferocious, as cowardly, and as utterly wicked a conspiracy as ever existed, some symptom, of disapprobation, at least, if not execration, would have been shewn by the crowd—(in England it would have been yells and hootings, and an universal disposition to tear them to pieces)— but they were received with a long and melancholy wail, an indescribably plaintive cry, extending to the utmost limits of the countless throng assembled, accompanied by beatings of

the breast, rapid crossing of themselves, and prayers. This wail, never entirely ceasing, was renewed at every sad act of the tragedy, and even the least movement of the prisoners. Then came the tying of the arms behind, the adjusting of the ropes, clumsily performed by a nervous executioner, his face covered with black crape, and whose first appearance was hailed with some execration. The white night-caps were then drawn over the men's faces, and they were placed each upon the centre of the two trap-doors, which, opening outwards, were held up by a bolt passing under the centre of the balcony. The two priests, all this time, were repeating Latin prayers in a loud, hard, monotonous tone, occasionally whispering to the prisoners, who also prayed aloud. I cannot think that this part of the ceremony was what it should be. Surely a clergyman might be better employed than in roaring Latin to a dying man, who does not understand one word he is saying, and cannot even join in the prayer.

When all was ready, the priests stepped back into the doorway, raising their voices higher as they receded, and nothing remained but to draw the bolt which held the trap-doors together. The harsh grating of the rusty bolt

was dreadful. It was some seconds before it would move at all—more till it was completely drawn out (ages to men standing between life and death); and when, at last, the bolt was fairly extracted, only one door fell; that upon which the large man stood, descending only a few inches, leaving him partly suspended by the rope, and partly standing upon the points of his toes upon the sloping grating. What a shout arose! The executioner promptly seizing the man by the arms, drew him back into the doorway, where he was supported by the priest and others, and getting on the grating while he held by the rail in front, jumped upon the trap-door till he forced it down. Having been helped back again, he unceremoniously pushed the wretched criminal off the doorway, literally launching him into eternity!

It was a shocking exhibition; and I believe there were not many present who would have regretted if the efficiency of the apparatus had been next tried upon the hangman himself, or, at least, upon the person whose duty it was to see to the state of the drop.

The man on whose side the door had readily fallen died instantly, but the sufferings of the

other were long and dreadful: even after at least ten minutes had elapsed of the half hour we were compelled to remain, a writhing of his muscular frame occurred, which again raised the wail, and excited the prayers of the by-standers.

Executions were conducted with most culpable carelessness some years ago in Ireland. At Kilkenny, on one occasion, the rope broke, and an unfortunate man fell upon the pavement and badly fractured his leg, in which state he was taken up and executed; and I witnessed an execution at Naas, where the rope was left so long that the man fell completely through the trap-door, till his feet came within a few inches of the ground, nearly bringing about the same catastrophe. But by this merciful negligence he never moved after.

I have seen many executions, civil and military, in various countries, including the beheading of Fieschi and his associates, and I never saw a man come forth to be put to death who did not appear already more dead than alive, excepting this criminal at Naas. He had murdered his wife, and the fact was proved undeniably. He came out with a

placid smile and a healthy complexion, and, I fancied, familiarly acknowledged some acquaintances in the crowd. Perhaps he was nerved with the hope of reprieve,—an expectation certainly indulged in by the priest who attended him, and whose cold, and as it appeared irreverent praying, extended to fully twenty minutes. It was dreadful to see a man stand smiling and nodding on the very brink of the grave, and the more so as again and again he calmly asserted his innocence of the crime for which he was about to suffer, though he admitted that he had been a murderer before. That such examples, I fear, are of little use, may be inferred from the fact of how readily the spectators are moved to joke and laugh at any ludicrous occurrence, even at the most solemn moment. In this case the priest had inadvertently placed himself beside the man upon the drop itself, just previous to the bolt being drawn, and was there loudly praying. Recalled by some circumstance to a sense of his situation, he jumped nimbly back to the standing grating without pausing in the prayer, and then holding firmly by the railing, extended his other hand to prevent the prisoner following his example. There was an audible

laugh at the priest's agility, in which I have no doubt the man about to be turned off would have joined, if he had not been blindfolded with the nightcap.

RONAYNE'S GHOST.

It was a calm, clear day, in the early part of December, that the writer departed from Killarney on a shooting expedition to the neighbourhood of the Upper Lake, some ten or twelve miles distant. Hiring a couple of men to navigate one of the boats so liberally placed at the disposal of the officers of the detachment by Lord Kenmare, we left Ross Castle soon after midday, and arrived at the Upper Lake just as evening was closing in. The oak woods still retained the russet beauties of autumn; the waters of the lake were the most perfect of Nature's mirrors; and it was impossible to distinguish the real rocks and arbutus that rose from them from their "counterfeit presentment" in the placid lake below, so perfect was the illusion.

Whatever may be the case now, there was not at that time any inn or place of public entertainment near the Upper Lake; but I remembered a desolate cottage standing alone upon a little island, and it appeared not impossible, with such small comforts as we were able to transport with us in the boat, to make it available as a shelter for the night, or perhaps two nights, that we proposed to remain there. In our way up the narrow passage which connects the Upper with the Lower Lake, we procured a heap of dry herbage,—a haycock of the long-deferred harvest; and with this for a bed, and a good fire, it seemed reasonable enough that a sportsman should calculate upon passing a comfortable night.

It was a quiet, melancholy scene. A small dilapidated house, having, however, in its decay, the air of "a cottage of gentility," stood upon a green bank within a few yards of the lake, backed and partly inclosed by the tangled wood. It was in a sadly forlorn condition; the moss-covered thatch of the roof had a damp and spongy air of decay; the neglected walls were green with the rains of many a winter: there was no door to hide the utter desolation of the interior, and the only shutter

hung diagonally by an upper hinge beside the paneless frame of the window. A drooping china rose-tree was bending forward from the wall, as if trying to escape from the inefficient support of the tottering edifice; while a stump of "old-man," with scarcely a sprig left, made a sturdy effort to flourish by the doorway. An ancient laurel stretched its withered arms out of the encroaching wood, and a few Michaelmas daisies were scattered about, half-choked by the rough herbage and the rotting leaves. There was no sign or sound of life, save the "tit, tit, tit," of a robin, who came bowing down to the landing-place in his best red waistcoat, and, hopping from twig to twig, marshalled us to the house-door with much fussy civility.

There is always, more or less, a feeling of mysterious interest about an old house thus abandoned and left to rot away by itself. The masonry is nothing; but you wonder why the doors, and floors, and shutters were neither burnt, sold, stolen, or otherwise carried off. Was it a place to be shunned? Had it a bad name? You come to the inevitable conclusion that it is either in chancery or else a wicked old tenement, gibbetted by common opinion,

and left to fall, bit by bit, to the ground. About such houses there is an uncomfortable suggestion of ghosts and cold chills, aguish vapours, the smell of vaults, newts, owls, bats, toads; and you go cautiously about, expecting every moment to stumble over a skeleton.

But this house had an interest peculiarly its own. Here had lived for thirty years, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, a recluse of the name of Ronayne. What his motives may have been for such a seclusion had never transpired; and whether crossed in love or ambition was never more than surmised. He was a man totally estranged from his kind, a being of impenetrable mystery and reserve; and the Paul Prys of the country, who at first dropped in upon his solitude, were baffled by his civil manner, and never went again. He avoided no one; he sought no one,—

"Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;"

and with such he was content. The ladies said it was a case of "crushed affections;" but there was no admission on his part of the soft impeachment. The men said he hid himself from his creditors; but there was no appear-

ance of poverty: he paid his rent and had no bills. His history died with him; and his motives will assuredly now never be known. But certain it is there he resided during thirty years; and, dying, was buried on the island beside the house.

If the ghost of such a being had *not* walked about the premises, it would, indeed, have been a subject of wonder; but that it did so was a fact established beyond all question by the concurrent testimony of all the neighbouring peasantry. Not only at the "witching hour," but, occasionally, at all others, was the form of the old man to be seen slowly perambulating his favourite walks. He was a silent, melancholy ghost: no "curious perfume or melodious twang" revealed his presence, but he glided noiselessly about the island, as had been his wont when alive; and generally took refuge in the cottage as before, about bed-time.

I somehow fancied that the boatmen half repented them of the adventure when they confronted the melancholy dwelling. They addressed some serious talk to each other in Irish, and looked blankly round at the oppressive desolation of the scene. One of them even went so far as to hint at the probability

of finding more comfortable quarters on the mainland, and he was quickly seconded by his companion. But this would never have done: I was bent upon taking a bed with the respectable Ronayne, and had even incurred a certain outlay in the matter of the haycock; so to have abandoned the adventure was not to be thought of.

Our first care was to examine the cottage. It was not, strictly speaking, in tenantable repair. Glass in the windows there was none; but the shutters had not been all removed, and this was our first glimpse of consolation. The interior doors, too, were at their posts; but altogether it was just the sort of house that the wind would take a pride to whistle through, or a ghost to walk about in. I observed that my companions shewed much disinclination to be left behind in the dark rooms, and gave a stealthy look round when they passed through the doorways, as if expecting that our visionary host was in attendance to do the honours of his dilapidated mansion.

We began our operations with vigorous measures. A fire was lighted: two of the interior doors dismounted, one to do duty as a table, supported on logs of wood, the other to stop

the front entrance, though the frame of the latter was a world too wide for its diminutive proportions, and afforded ample room for even the body of the former tenant, let alone his ghost, to drop in, if so disposed. But it had the appearance of a door, and when the paralytic shutter had been set upright, things assumed a more comfortable shape; and a blazing fire sent a genial and unwonted feeling through the room. The haycock was equally divided; one moiety being reserved for myself, and placed against the wall opposite the window and door, while the other portion for the men's bed was under the window: the ricketty, ill-conditioned table, occupying the middle of the room.

Soon the grateful odour of broiling beef began to arise, and a pot of potatoes merrily simmered in the corner.

As I lay tranquilly on the hay, watching the progress of our little culinary operations, I could not help fancying that from the holes about the room I could occasionally perceive small black eyes curiously watching, as I was, the progress of the coming meal; but this I attributed to fancy.

Having despatched the solid portion of the

supper, a kettle of hot water made its appearance on the board, into which a portion of spirit being poured, with a due allowance of sugar, a certain harmonious compound was the result; which, let Father Mathew say what he may, I hold to be a grateful, and, in moderation, innocuous liquor. Nay, I go far towards agreeing with an ingenious friend, who on the fly-leaf of Dr. Beecher's "Sermons on Temperance" thus relieved his mind:—

"Be ruled by me: this counsel take,
And never mind old Beecher;
For head, or heart, or bellyache,
There's nothing like a screecher."*

Dipping from time to time our cups into the kettle, the boatmen recounted for my amusement many tales of the eccentricities of the romantic and melancholy Ronayne; and especially how his spirit was wont to stroll about the premises in the dead waste and middle of the night. How the Sullivans, father and son, had seen him; and Kearney, "aften." How old Mahony, the fisherman, pulling round the back of the island just at nightfall, saw the figure standing close above him on a rock,

* A jorum of hot punch.

and dropping his oars, hid his face in his hands; and when he looked again, there was nothing but a small old stump of a tree where the vision had disappeared. How Mr. Maher, of Bantry, thought to enter the house one summer evening, when, behold! as the boat approached, old Ronayne was standing in his doorway, and they backed their oars and pulled hastily away from that haunted spot; and during the recital of these tales, when the gentle wind caused a branch to rustle against the eaves, or the ill-fitting door to tap against the post, the men looked hastily round, and hitched the haycock nearer the fire.

The recluse was described as a small, withered man, of features intelligent but sad; and dressed in the common grey frieze of the country, which he wrapped closely round him, as if chilly from the damps of the grave. He was not, I was pleased to hear, an importunate or obtrusive spectre; had, apparently, no pressing secret to reveal—clanked no clains: neither did he give way to the weakness of squeaking, gibbering, groaning, or the like. There was a native dignity about him which repressed any disposition to pounding or stamping overhead, or tramping rudely up the staircase, or making

any fuss in the cellarage. He seemed, from all accounts, a spectre of much negative hospitality, not offended by the presence of visitors, or at any rate contenting himself with a "dumb resentment." The only suspicion of a sound escaping him was the smallest possible howl having been heard about his premises during high winds. Above all, I was gratified to hear that he expected no questioning on the part of his guests; but, on the contrary, had a habit of vanishing when confronted, as if shunning any impertinent inquiries. All this was satisfactory; and since we had a ghost to deal with, how fortunate it was to find a conscientious and easy-going one! Fresh logs were heaped upon the fire, and a reinforcement piled up in the corner to recruit it during the night.

I would with pleasure exchange stomachs—nay, throw in a bit of liver to boot—with the man who can sleep undisturbed after a supper of provincial beef-steaks. I never could; and as I lay warmly wrapped in my boat-cloak, I envied the efficient laboratory of the boatmen, which left them at leisure to execute a nasal duet loud enough to frighten all the ghosts in the parish.

While tranquilly awaiting the issue of the fight between fatigue and indigestion, my attention was again attracted to the bead-like eyes peering out of the crannies of the walls. There they were—now looking out of a crack in the skirting-board, then glancing from a hole in the plaster; and there was the smallest perceptible rustling under the floor, which made me disposed more than once to doubt the accuracy of the quiet character which had been given to Mr. Ronayne.

Soon there was no mistake about the cause, for the eyes were accompanied by sharp-pointed, whiskered noses innumerable, thrust further and further into the apartment. They were rats. In all my life, and I have lived much in Her Majesty's barracks, I never saw such multitudes. They seemed to occupy every cranny and hollow of the walls and floor. They were cautious at first: a few only venturing from their hiding-places, and those mostly of a tender age—*enfans perdus*, sent out to skirmish by the wily seniors in the background. But soon they all took courage, and almost literally covered the floor and table with their numbers: and getting bolder as they found us inoffensive, ran without scruple

not only over the snoring boatmen, but myself. The table was the grand point of attack. Fortunately the remainder of the meal had been covered over with a dish as a reserve for breakfast, and it was amusing to watch their efforts to uncover the provisions. They tried to pull off the dish, then to get a purchase under it with their noses, then to remove the whole bodily towards the side of the door. What a squeaking and whisking of tails, and a frolicking, there was amongst them! I never saw so much of the manners and customs of rats before. By far the greater portion were young, but others were of a patriarchal age; in particular a grey old buck of huge dimensions, probably one of the original colonists. This fellow, cross with age and infirmities, chased the younger fry in all directions, and was unquestionably the Robinson Crusoe of the island. It was long before I felt disposed to sleep in such a busy scene, and frequently when I closed my eyes I was roused by some new *tour de force*, a louder squeak, or a more general skurry before the old master of the revels.

But as I lay, half dozing, towards the "witching hour," my thoughts began to revert to the recluse. I wondered if he was

even then taking the air; and whether, having satisfied himself with the pale starlight, he would come in to the fire for the night. I wondered, in my dreamy state, whether he liked punch while in the flesh; and imagined that, even now, the warm fragrance of our kettle must agreeably vary to him the general cold-without of the cottage. Then I fell off into a dream of the spectre-ballet, and thought how fortunate was the Devil Robert to be visited by such very agreeable ghosts, all lifting up their heels to soft music, and making it quite a pleasure to be haunted. Then I was wandering in interminable catacombs, and finally woke myself pelting Ronayne out of his own house with his own bones. Then I thought upon him waking, and pictured to myself an elderly gentleman of pale and benevolent aspect, seated by the table and gravely dipping his cup into the kettle, while he pledged himself to some toast or sentiment that touched upon his early history. I fancied the ashy paleness of his cadaverous features as the remembrance of "some distressful stroke that his youth suffered" passed through his mind; and then, moved by that irresistible curiosity which will come over us at such times, I opened my eyes

to assure myself that he really was not there; when, behold! the rats were gone! Not a single tail was whisking over the table or about the floor; not a squeak was heard; the grey old general had drawn off his forces, and they had silently and unaccountably vanished without leaving a single straggler behind. I looked under the table—into the corners—along the skirting-board; and then, raising my eyes, examined the walls; when, as my inquiring gaze passed across the doorway, it suddenly rested upon the pale features of an elderly man, sternly, but curiously, looking into the room!

I shut my eyes—pooh, pooh! it could not be: a touch of nightmare, begotten of punch out of beef-steaks—excited imagination. I must look again—nonsense! better go to sleep.

I *did* look, and there was the face still, and figure, partly seen through the ill-closed doorway. He was dressed in the common frieze usually worn by the peasantry, and his coat hung loose and limp on his attenuated form. He moved not, but kept a steady, unearthly gaze upon me as I lay.

I had no power to close my eyes a second time; a rustiness came over the hinges of the

eyelids, and they became stiff and distended with the intensity of my gaze. A sensation passed over my head as if each particular hair was raising itself independently up, and there was a cold, crawling feeling down my back like the tickling of a dead man's hand under my clothes.

How long I should have remained fascinated it is impossible to say, but at last the figure spoke. It said, in a clear and somewhat peremptory tone,—

"What the divle are ye doing here, at all? Sure I thought the place was a-fire!"

We were upon our legs in a moment. Don't be disappointed, gentle reader, it was no ghost after all, but the body of Corney Sullivan, who, having seen the blaze of our fire from his cottage on the mainland, pulled across the lake to ascertain the cause of such an unusual appearance.

THE LAST PIGTAIL.

THE more I consider pigtails, the more confirmed am I in the opinion that they are the heir-loom of some practical joker. No man could adopt them for ornament, still less for use. No, they were "a bargain," hung upon the heads of men for sport, by some dry humorist, who victimised himself that he might turn others into ridicule,—one of those incomprehensible fellows who pull a sad face while they are roaring inwardly, and hug themselves in a fraudulent merriment. How he must have shaken his sides when he saw his tails taking with the million!—hanging at the polls of princes, adopted of orators and statesmen, greedily seized upon by martinets, indispensable to men of fashion, disfiguring youth and beauty, giving a handle to satirists,

and an inconvenience to all. With what relish he must have watched the spread of his bad fashion from country to country, and thought how, when mankind have spent countless ages in rubbing off their tails, he in one short lifetime should have succeeded in putting them on again! With what intense delight he must have heard our great pig-tailed orators—our Burkes, and Wyndhams, and Pitts, and Foxes, and moralised upon the sublime and the ridiculous, only divided—as it, doubtless, occurred to him—by a mere hair's breadth; and listened to the noblest oratory, the most impassioned eloquence, this country ever produced, accompanied by the jerks of a pig-tail!

But the progress of tails amongst mankind must have been slow; so, probably, our humorist's joke was mostly prospective, and hung upon the fixing of tails upon generations yet unborn. He must have been a poker of posthumous fun, like him who caused fireworks to be hidden under his pall, and, leaving directions with his executor when to light the match, died chuckling at the thought of blowing up the chief mourner.

I feel disposed to hope that the last illness of our merry friend may have been attended

by a physician who wore a tail; and also that the lawyer who made his will may have been so decorated. He was too crafty to make any testamentary mention of tails, lest men should smell a rat, and suspect his great scheme; and no doubt endured with firmness the discomfort of his tie, however it may have interfered with the "smoothing down" of his last pillow.

But, perhaps, it was in His Majesty's land service that this facetious encumbrance was most felt. Heroes were forced to be on foot, hours before they otherwise would have risen, in order to get their tails tied in time for parade; and when once tied, and soaped, and powdered, there was no further rest for those wicked men: the head must be kept as in a vice; and a nod to an acquaintance or a turn of the face might have caused a shaking of the tail involving the certain exercise of the rattan, if not consigning the wearer to the stocks or the picquets.

As is usual in most cases, those of lowest rank fared worst: the tying of the private soldiers' tails commenced at two or three in the morning; then came the non-commissioned officers; after them the officers of the

company, beginning with the ensign, and contriving that the captain should be tied just in time for parade. Different occasions had different ties. There was the full-dress tie for review or guard-mounting, when the tail was exhibited in its fairest proportions and most ample length of riband, with a tuft at the tip, of which endless general orders had established the exact and infallible length and breadth. In marching order the tails were "clubbed," or made up into a knot out of the way; and the troops "clubbed" their tails before going into action.

On one occasion, during the Duke of York's campaign in Holland, a certain distinguished regiment, remarkable not only for attention to such matters, but for their excellent discipline and conduct under all circumstances, were in position, expecting to be immediately engaged with a large force of the enemy moving up to the attack, when a sudden halt took place in the advancing column.

"What can they be halting for?" cried the colonel, impatiently.

"Perhaps, sir," suggested a young officer, quietly, "they are halting to 'club!'"

"Hold your tongue, Jack;* hold your tongue," said the goodnatured chief, not quite insensible to the ridicule.

The military parted with their tails with silent satisfaction, and the happy event is chronicled in a popular song. Not so the sailors: when the order to cut off tails reached the fleet, it was appointed to be carried out at noon the next day, when the tails, having been cut, were collected into a vast bale in each ship (imagine a bunch of a thousand pigtails, each as long and as thick as your arm!) and hove overboard with three cheers.

The last pigtail, that I at least have seen, was in Ireland, and I place the fact on record for the benefit of future antiquaries.

In a certain town in the King's County there lived, and probably still continues to live, a smull, dusty, faded old gentleman, conspicuously furnished with a pigtail. He was something the colour of antiquated parchment, and looked as if he had been laid ages ago in some neglected chest, and subsequently brought to light, and set going in the old-fashioned coarse

* The late Col. John Tucker of the 29th Regiment.

wrapping in which he had been stowed away. He was a brown man: he wore a brown wig; a brown hat much too large, and coming out wide at the top of the crown; a brown great coat, reaching nearly to his heels; brown worsted stockings, and brown shoes, unconscious of the modern inventions of Warren, Hunt, or Day. Where brown only is seen, brown will be presumed; he was suspected of brown breeches, but these no man had ever seen, and under his surtout all was pure conjecture: he had no wife to reveal the secret—no man, no maid: he lived alone with his tail. A question arose amongst the curious, Who tied his tail?—but there was no proof that the tail was ever untied, though the raising the question was enough to cast a slur of falsehood on it. Was it a maiden or a pollard tail? This none could answer. It was far from being a drooping or a downcast tail, but, on the contrary, it sat up with an air of obtrusive pertness. The old gentleman wore a coat which belonged to that epoch when collars were worn high; not so much deep, as coming high up the back of the head, and the tail resting upon this, gave it something the air of being

mounted "*en barbette*," for the convenience of traversing in all directions.

This gentleman in brown—this *homo caudatus*—lived mysteriously in a small house inclosed with high palings, at the town's end. It was not a cabin—neither was it a cottage, exactly: it was a small, contracted, narrow-minded little tenement, such as one might have suspected would be occupied by the man who wore the last pigtail.

His manners and ways, and walks and language, all partook of the same narrow-singleness. Three hundred and thirteen times in the year did he go up the same street, at the same hour, and call at the same shop, and utter the same sentence,—

"It's crüel cowld, Mr. Caffin!"

He never, as far as I could hear, went beyond, or fell short of this. What were seasons to him? December or the dog-days —"India's fires or Zembla's frost"—it was all the same. He snapped his fingers at Fahrenheit and Réaumur, took no heed of muffs or muslins: people might enjoy their own opinions—he had his: it was always, "Cruel cowld, Mr. Caffin!"

To this Caffin had but one answer,—"'Tis cowld!"

Mr. Caffin was a heavy, fat, dirty, unshaved, black-muzzled, general dealer. He sold every thing: brooms, barley-sugar, huckaback, treacle, Bath bricks, oatmeal, gridirons, tar, tea, tamarinds, toys, towelling, and mouse-traps. This, perhaps, may account for the respect with which he treated the brown man's one observation. "'Tis cowld!" was Caffin's invariable answer. It was not for a general dealer like Caffin to bandy opinions about the temperature with his customers, or indeed with any one; for no man could live through a single day without wanting some article which Caffin dealt in.

"'Tis cowld!" he would cheerfully observe, thrusting his hands deeper into his sleeves, when the weather was frosty, or even moderately fresh; but when the sun of July cast a varnish over Caffin's countenance, or the flies of a sultry August buzzed about his head, a slight impatience might be detected in his tone.

"'Tis cowld!" he would say, in a louder voice than common, turning half round, and taking three steps from the window,—his

usual station, and at the same time pushing his fist impatiently across his stomach, as if in spirit he "fibbed" the brown man in revenge for the false admission, while he quieted his conscience by turning his back upon the sun.

The brown man was a Protestant; and on the fifty-two days of the year when Caffin's shop was shut he betook himself, as a respectable man should do, and by a short cut, to the parish church, where he had a sitting immediately in front of that which the narrator was accustomed to occupy.

Sitting in the centre of the pew, his tail, mounted on the barbette principle, was wont to intrude upon the premises in rear, to which it had no sort of claim, and traversing about as the owner moved his head from side to side it seemed to look us all, in turn, saucily in the face; a liberty to which, as an intruder, it had clearly no right, and which was in fact adding insult to injury.

All people, nations as well as individuals, hate intruders, whether kings or pigtails. They dislike having even a good thing foisted on them—they are sore at the intrusive principle. The French, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the

Neapolitans, all are uneasy — they rebel against it — they won't have it at any price.

Now it came to pass that there was in the town, and seated in that pew behind the tail, a practical joker: one of those pestilent fellows who jest with their hands, and are funny through the medium of tricks and grimaces. And the better to enable him to carry out his manual pleasantry, Nature had gifted him with a face of imperturbable sadness. It was the longest, most lonesome, lugubrious countenance ever seen: the "knight of the woful countenance" was a joke to him — he was a "sadde dogge." He never laughed; seldom smiled: and never was the face so oppressively solemn as when its owner was pregnant with some atrocious conceit, and intent upon a happy delivery.

He would have made his fortune as a mute — almost have drawn tears from an undertaker; and he might, on the sole credit of his physiognomy, have raised any amount of subscription for any serious project brought forward at Exeter Hall. Why, they would have paid him a handsome annuity, seven years in advance, if he had only undertaken to form a congregation in Sandwich Land, or

promised to reside amongst the Tchukchi till they were perfect in nasal psalmody.

I have said that the tail occupied a conspicuous place in the centre of our front pew, and immediately behind it sat the practical joker; the intrusive tuft looking him straight in the eyes, and ever and anon it would pertly whisk from side to side, and then settle down again to its former bearing upon the mournful countenance of the practical joker.

But, of all the congregation, there was not one apparently more edified with the service than the proprietor of that doleful and impressive face. Its oblong outline was gently inclined to an attentive angle: its dovelike eyes fixed in meek attention upon the eloquent reader: the scanty hair was smoothed down upon that pallid forehead: and the corners of that expressive mouth solemnly drawn down—that mouth, in which a casual observer might have fancied that summer butter would have remained unmelted.

There are times when we feel an oppressive consciousness that something is about to happen. It is like a weight upon us: we hold our breath—the shadow of the coming event casts a chill over the spirit: it becomes painfully intense,

and we long, whatever it may be, to have it over. There may be something mesmeric in this: the tail was making passes at the joker —I trembled for the consequences.

Stuffing a bandana into my mouth, as a precaution against the worst that might happen, I leaned my forehead on my hand, and followed the sonorous voice of the clergyman.

The lesson was being read impressively: the church, otherwise, silent as death. It was the story of Balaam and the Ass; and I marvelled at the nerves of Balaam, who could keep his seat upon a talking donkey. We came to the unreasonable question,—

"What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?"

"And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me: I would there were a sword in mine hand, for now would I kill thee."

"And the ass said unto Balaam——"

"BLOOD AN' OUNS, WILL YE LAVE GO O' MY TAIL!!!"

The man in brown was on his legs looking angrily round, but confronted only the placid and composed face of assured innocence; with

perhaps a shade of severity on the features, as scandalised at the strange interruption.

One fact, however, was clearly established by this event, viz. that the owner of the last pigtail could vary the eternal sentence he was wont to bestow upon Caffin—a truth which, up to that day, had been very generally doubted.

THE GREEN TRAVELLER.

At a time when anonymous travellers are springing up every day, it may be well to distinguish him to whom the following adventure befell from all others: we will therefore call him the Green Traveller.

It was an afternoon about the middle of winter, that the Green Traveller was walking along a road in one of the midland counties of Ireland. It was a cultivated part of the island thereabouts, and the fields were enclosed with high banks of earth, called perversely by the natives "ditches," a high specimen of which bounded either side of the road. Against one of these ditches were seated three persons, or, rather, two out of the three, and they would probably have escaped the traveller's notice had it not been for the somewhat

unusual duties of one of them. He was a young man of Herculean proportions, who would have graced the front rank of any grenadier company in Europe, and there are very few regiments in which he would not have taken the right of the line. But his occupation was a very singular one: he was nursing an aged and apparently helpless woman, as nursery-maids are wont to nurse babies, and occasionally tossing her up in the air, after the most approved manner of the aforesaid female functionaries, for five or ten minutes together. There was nothing at all jocular in this; on the contrary, a mere passing glance was sufficient to inform the most unobservant that any thing rather than playfulness or a joke was intended. The old woman shewed no signs of animation; in fact, she looked more dead than alive; but as the strapping young nursery-man kept soothing, and coaxing, and croning over her, the traveller naturally concluded that she was not quite dead.

Beside the young man, thus strangely occupied, there sat a woman—a young one it would seem from her abundant black hair, but who kept her elbows planted on her knees and her face buried in her hands; and, from certain

slight convulsive motions, it would appear that she was crying bitterly.

The Green Traveller was passing on: what was it to him? A man may not marry his grandmother certainly, but the rubric says nothing against his nursing her, if so minded, or tossing her about in any way most congenial to his feelings; and, therefore, if he derived gratification from such a pastime, there seemed to be no reasonable objection to his indulging in it. It was entirely a matter of taste.

But there was something odd in it upon second thoughts, this dandling an old woman in his arms, while a young one was sitting crying by his side. It was a proceeding, to say the least, unusual—out of the common course of dandling. "I should be half inclined," said the Green Traveller, thinking aloud, and turning towards them, "I should really be half inclined to give the young one a turn, if it were only by way of a change."

Perhaps the strapping young man detected something verdant about the look of our friend, thinking him, mayhap, a soft and likely nest in which to drop the egg of a family secret; for he suddenly ceased to toss the old lady, and a short cough and one or two hems indicated

that he had a purpose of relieving his mind if an opportunity were afforded him.

"You seem to have hard work there," said the Green Traveller, alluding to the man's occupation.

"Faith, we have, sir; we're destroyed entirely—we're poor crathurs, God help us! Indeed; it's kilt she is with the hard master. Sorrow friend we have nearer than Mallow, and how will I carry her there?"

"Is she your mother?" said the traveller.

"She's my grand——; that is, she was to be —she *is* my grandmother," said the strapping young man taking courage, and laying an emphasis upon the verb. "She *is* my grandmother," repeated he; "and this is my wife!"

"Never!" said the young woman, rising up, and speaking for the first time. "You shall never marry a beggar, James, nor have a beggar for your grandmother through me: the worse luck for us all," said she, covering her eyes with her hand.

"But where do you live?" said the traveller.

"HERE! here on the road itself!" said the young man, laying the helpless woman across his knees, and bringing the backs of his hands

to the ground with a sort of desperate salaam, till the nails nearly touched the road.

"They did liye there," said he, pointing across the road to a small house with a few farm-buildings about it; "but Fay, the villain! turned them out. And the furniture's seized, and the bed's taken from under her, and they've left her to die of the cowld."

"But have they no friends or neighbours?"

"Not one, plaze yer honour; they 're strangers from the county Limerick: they took the land of Fay a year ago, and their crap was burnt, and the man died, and she's a cripple, and all they had is seized, and sorrow house, or bed, or any thing else have they got. And we were to be married to-morrow," said he, turning to the young woman; "and, by the blessing o' God, so we will yet, if——. But anyhow," said the young man quickly, seeing the girl about to speak, "all we want is, to put her somewhere for the night till we see what we'll do."

When the strapping young man said they were strangers, and had taken the land to the exclusion of the native candidates for it, the traveller saw it was a hopeless case to seek for charity or even the shelter of a roof there-

abouts: they must, at least, get beyond the gossip of that neighbourhood before they could look for the charities of a fellow-creature.

It is said that by the laws of Howel Dha, or the Good, a stranger and a leper might be killed with impunity; and there was another kind of game abandoned to the general sportsman by the same benevolent legislator, though just now it escapes my memory. What the Irish may do with their lepers we have no means of judging, but they dispose of their agricultural strangers in quite as summary a way as the illustrious Welshman could have desired.

The Green Traveller soon got the history of these poor people. The young man, who was so thoughtfully qualifying himself for the duties of married life—though he took his lessons at the wrong end of the family—was engaged to her of the sable locks before she left Mallow; and now, on hearing of the death of the old man, had walked all the way here, either to settle down with them in their intrusive occupancy, or to take them back with him. The little stock of money he brought was absorbed in the funeral expenses and helping to lighten the balance of the debts; and instead of the happy bridegroom he thought to be, he found

himself left in charge of his betrothed wife, her helpless grandmother, and not one farthing in his pocket; or, what was still worse, the means of getting one.

It was a fix: at least most people would have thought so.

"And who is Mr. Fay, and where does he live?" said the Green Traveller.

"Sure, he's the attorney," said the girl; "and lives at the big house this side the town. It's little I thought him such a hard man."

"Then shoulder the old lady and come along," said the traveller to the Mallow man, "and I'll go before you."

"But where will I take her, sir?"

"To Fay's, to be sure;—come along, it's getting late. I'll call there and say you are coming."

"But what will he say to us? Sure it's he that done it all!"

"Never mind. Pull away at his bell—rap at the door till they come. Say you want beds for three, and are ready for supper. I'll tell them to put on the potatoes. Why would you be shy at *taking a bed* with him?—he has done the same by you." And he strode away.

Now I have reason to believe that he of the

verdant designation was averse to strangers—strange attornies in particular; and this weakness was rather increased than otherwise by the consciousness that he carried with him to the lion's den a tail of a houseless young woman, a bedridden old one, and a strapping young fellow from Mallow; all of whom he was bent upon quartering, if possible, on the attorney; or, at any rate, of using a display of their helpless condition as a means of extracting something out of him in the way of mitigation, or composition of the debt; or, at any rate, some temporary relief for them.

"I should like amazingly," said the traveller, "to smuggle the old woman into the lawyer's best bed. 'Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows,' and why not sharp practice, too? He could not, for shame, turn her out in her present state. I am disposed to look at the thing as practicable, at a small pecuniary sacrifice and a few soft words to the housemaid.

"I wonder," said the traveller, musing as he walked along, if these lawyers *do* feel any compunction when they have such jobs as this in hand; or whether, as I am inclined to suspect, their whole energies are so entirely

thrown into the scale of professional triumph and advancement, that any trifle of right or justice is a mere dust in the balance? They certainly have an immense capacity for bearing other people's pain. How warm and cosily they can sit and listen to the dismal misery of a client in chancery, put off from year to year; throwing to him the sop of 'next term' four times every twelvemonth! Poor fellow! he finds out in course of time that he has to do with an animal 'what wouldn't go,' and who unhappily 'gains, like Fabius, by delay.' Have we not," said the traveller, pursuing his musing, "seen them take Heaven to witness that they are ignorant of a murderer's guilt, having at the time the man's confession of it in their pocket? Did they not shed tears for Thurtell, and even for Tawell?—a villain worse than a mere murderer,—calmly sitting with the fatal phial in his hand, till the mother of his children, in the busy zeal of contributing to his comfort, should afford him an opportunity of pouring the deadly poison into her cup! And yet this was a case for professional tears! Surely," said the Green Traveller, "if ever the devil laughs, it must be when a lawyer cries."

There was no mistaking the attorney's house; there was nothing like it in that small town. Clean, well-kept grounds gave an earnest of interior comfort; and the well-closed gates — unlike Irish gates in general — seemed to indicate that what he had he meant to keep.

"A nice man, no doubt, you are, Mr. Fay!" thought the Green Traveller, as he slowly paced along the smooth gravel and mounted the well-whitened steps: "a nice man! This is squeezed out of widows; orphans have something to do with this green door and brass knocker. No doubt you are a worthy successor of that old solicitor, Moloch, and batten upon 'human sacrifice and parents' tears.'"

The Green Traveller was anxious to see this man of sharp practice, and gave a sonorous appeal upon the well-burnished brass.

"I will lead him," thought the traveller, "into the idea of a client, impatient and rich, and not contented with a mere sneaking 'double.' Perhaps it may soften him for the purpose I have in hand."

"Mr. Fay was not at home, but was expected very shortly."

"In the squeezing of a widow, perhaps," thought the traveller. "I must wait."

"But missis is at home," said the man; "would you like to see her?"

"Certainly. This is better still," thought the traveller: "I can deal better with a woman; and if I can only manage to enlist her on my side, we may have a chance to get something out of him."

It was a fine house, and every thing seemed good about the place—except the owner. The furniture was handsome, the room luxurious. Fine paintings, in beautiful frames, hung upon the walls; downy sofas wooed you to repose, and easy chairs held out their arms to clasp you.

"All squeezed out of widows," said the Green Traveller, looking round the room.

"Mrs. Fay was announced—a delicate looking lady in her prime; fattish, pale, and soft.

"Come," thought the traveller, inwardly chuckling, "this will do. Widows are looking up—orphans are rising. Nothing of the nether millstone here. *She* can have no hand in grinding the poor. The husband may be a squeezer, but, judging from appearances, I

should say that the wife is rather in the nature of a squeezee."

The lawyer's lady sat gracefully down, placed a pair of very white hands upon her lap, accidentally pushed forward rather more than half of a pretty foot from under the drapery, and raising her blue eyes to the traveller's face seemed to say, "Well, what do you want?"

The Green Traveller is not by nature eloquent, but he did his best. He drew a little sketch of the helpless family, turned adrift into the road without a friend, without money, almost without hope—of the nursing Mallow man, and the firm, pale, determined, independent, broken-hearted girl, who was to have been married to-morrow. The traveller dwelt upon this; it was a strong point. He begged her co-operation in getting, at least, a little delay, and perhaps a temporary re-instatement in the house. Warming with the subject, he stepped beyond the bounds of prudence in touching upon Mr. Fay's part in the transaction, and was inadvertently betrayed into some rather strong expressions relating to that worthy.

As he proceeded, the lawyer's wife grew colder and colder; she did not usually inter-

fere—her husband's profession was necessarily an unpopular one—no doubt Mr. Fay could explain all—she was very sorry that she could suggest nothing—he would shortly be at home, &c. &c. Then she made a show of retiring—called in the foot, disunited the hands, thought she heard her husband's key in the office-door, rose, moved with graceful languor across the room, and vanished like a Juno made of ice.

"Widows and orphans are decidedly flat," said the Green Traveller. "There is nothing doing in them at all—there is a frightful want of firmness about them. Nobody will take a lot of them at any price; their bill is thrown out—it is all up with them. And this precious lawyer's wife—this comely she-fiend! 'the devil *has* power to assume a pleasing shape!' she is privy, no doubt, to all her husband's squeezings, soft as she looks. Yes, there's a pair of them! She's a downy Sally Brass—a Mrs. Moloch, and no mistake."

"Mr. Fay would be happy to see the gentleman in his office, if he would step that way—here, out at the front door—this room at the corner of the house."

The traveller strode towards it. "Mind yourself!" said the man, catching him by the

elbow; "your fut's in the flower-bed! Master won't stand that, nohow."

"Well, upon my word," thought the Green Traveller, "this lawyer is a curious fellow! he devours widows' houses, and yet won't nohow stand a fut in his flower-bed! He's like the giant in Rabelais, who could swallow a windmill and was choked with a pound of butter."

The lawyer received the traveller complacently. He was a short, square man, with a square face, a long upper lip, small sharp grey eyes, looking from under heavy bushes of eyebrows like a snake in a hedge; and he had a small, shapeless, bridgeless nose, full of black snuff. It was absurd to call it a nose—it was a pimple. It seemed to have been bullied into insignificance by a long course of ill-usage, and was finally turned into a dust-hole. But, insignificant as the nose was, it occupied a great deal of the lawyer's attention; he seemed to have two objects in view—to cram the little feature full of black snuff, and then to blow it sonorously out again. If this oppressed nose had belonged to anybody but such a widow-squeezing, orphan-crushing man as this, one might have pitied its hard case.

The lawyer started when he heard that the

old woman and her grand-daughter had been ejected from the premises; and pished and poohed a good deal at some stupid fellow whom he did not name—the bailiff most likely, for not taking them to goal; laughed at the Mallowman and his nursing the grandmother to keep the life in her: but upon the whole made light of the matter, and, strange to say, heard without surprise that the family were on their way to his house, and might be expected every moment.

When the traveller opened his little plan of doing something for the poor people, provided the lawyer would do his part in staying proceedings, and soften as much as he could the customary practice in such cases, he looked grave, and forced the rappee further and further into his nose, till the poor little thing was at last driven to get up a sneeze in its own defence.

After taking a few turns about the room, the attorney sat down and began to talk of the old woman's debts.

"What does she owe to the landlord?" asked the traveller.

"Nine, sixteen, eight," said the lawyer,

dryly, looking at his nails. "It's really a pity," said he, "that the poor devils have been turned out for a trifle like this."

"A trifle to you, no doubt," thought the traveller; "you might lose such a sum without feeling it. You could soon find ways and means of making it up again: it would be only squeezing another widow, or putting the screw upon a few orphans, and the thing is done."

"Nine pounds, six—teen shillings, and eight—pence," said the lawyer, very slowly, and dividing the syllables. "Are you ready to pay it?" said he, turning quickly upon the traveller, and bringing the two edges down upon his eyes till you could see nothing but a couple of grey sparks under them.

"Why," said the traveller, rather taken aback at the lawyer's bluntness, and colouring at the imputation of verdure conveyed in the question, "I'm a stranger, you know, to these people; but I'll do what I can."

"Ah!" said the lawyer, leaning back in his chair with an expression which said plainly enough, "you'll do all you *ean*, but you *can't* part with your money."

"Well, I *will* pay the money," said the traveller desperately; "and I dare say you think it green enough in me to do so."

"Well, upon my honour and word," said the lawyer, bursting into a loud laugh, "I do: it is green, indeed — it's jolly green: ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!—I should say it's invisible green, for you will not see your money again for some time. You may call it—ho, ho, ho, haugh, haugh, haugh," said the lawyer, half-choked—"you may call it *ever* green, for I doubt if it will *ever* be paid."

And so saying, the lawyer fell back in a perfect storm of merriment, rubbing his hands and even clapping his feet together in his ecstasy, as if he was not contented without laughing in the legs at the perpetration of his vile puns.

When the Green Traveller saw this nefarious attorney chuckling and screaming at his magnanimous offer, and heard him making his puns and cracking his jokes at his philanthropy, he thought him, without any exception, the most hateful incarnation of pettifogging villany that he had ever seen or heard of.

"But here they are," said the lawyer, jumping up, and running to the door. "Come along, bring her in; here, drop her into the

easy chair by the fire, and give her the foot-stool. Well, Beauty!" said he, pinching the girl by the chin, "sit you down opposite. And now, ma'am, how are you since? It's cold weather you've come out in—put up your feet and toast them well—have a pinch of snuff?"

"Well, surely," thought the traveller, "this must be a fiend in human shape! He turns a bedridden old woman out of house and home, and then banters her upon coming out in the cold! He seizes her furniture, he sells her pig, and then tells her to toast her feet and make herself comfortable! He brings utter ruin upon the old woman, and breaks off the young one's marriage, and then chucks the one under the chin and offers the other a pinch of snuff! I positively ask pardon of Moloch for comparing this fellow to him: the horrid king was incapable of any thing like this.

> 'My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
> More unexpert, I boast not.'"

Of course; he was an above-board devil. He would, doubtless, have cut her throat with pleasure, or even toasted her feet after a fashion of his own, but I entirely acquit him of adding insult to injury, such as chucking

the girl under the chin, or offering the old one a pinch of snuff.

"And so they turned you out?" said the lawyer, with an air of hilarity.

"Faith ye did," said the expectant grandson, adroitly changing the person of the pronoun: "the worse luck, she was nigh-hand kilt with the cowld."

"And you tossed her about to keep the life in her? Well, I'd like to have seen that! I'd have given a pound to see that! But you never gave her the letter," said he to the young man. "Why didn't you give her the letter I gave you for her?"

The Mallowman looked rather blank at this unexpected discovery. It was very true he had never given it. He had heard of *lawyers' letters* before—perhaps had had some experience of the same. No; it was not very likely that he should serve a process upon his grandmother: rather too 'cute for that, he flattered himself.

"But what did you do with the letter?" said the lawyer: "put it behind the fire, I suppose?"

"No, faith, your honour; I have it here safe enough," pulling it out with some little

triumph. "Sure I wouldn't destroy your honour's letter!"

"Then open it yourself."

He was caught in his own trap: he had some awful ideas about that letter; it was most likely a process—or a writ—or a *ca. sa.*—or a *fi. fa.*, or a some infernal thing which he knew no name for. He had too much regard for the old woman to deliver it, and now he must serve it on himself. He was "hoist with his own petard."

"Come, open it, man," said the lawyer, "it won't bite you" (seeing him twist it carefully round by the corners): "don't be shy—perhaps it's a love-letter."

The young woman threw back the black hair and looked sharply up.

"Well, faith," said the lawyer, relapsing into a laugh as the remembrance of the Mallowman's exploit came back upon him; "I'd give something handsome to see him nurse any one the way he did Mrs. Donellan."

"Murther!!" said the Mallowman, in a voice of thunder.

"What is it, dear James?" said the black-haired girl, running to him and seizing him by the arm.

"Honaman d'Hiaoul!" said the Mallow-man, throwing her rudely aside, "let me at him!"

Before any one could guess what he was going to do, he had seized the lawyer with one arm round the waist and the other under the legs, and was throwing him wildly up to the ceiling.

"Twopence more and up goes the donkey," said the Green Traveller. "He'll catch it now. Don't let him fall! No! be very careful that you don't drop him! No, no, it *would* be a pity if he hurt himself—it *really* would; and yet the floor's not so very hard, I dare say—wood, most likely—soft deal; there are harder things about him than that; but still, *be* careful, do! And yet, after all, if he were to fall, and even break some unimportant bone—say a tibia—it would be no very great harm. Strong man of Mallow, be careful!"

But the man of Mallow had set him on his legs again unhurt, and had fallen on his knees, and was shaking the lawyer's one hand up and down between his own, as if he had some frantic scheme of pumping the attorney, and was making a strange spluttering noise, like decanting a bottle of wine. And what was

equally strange, the black-haired girl was soon kneeling by the young man's side, and had got hold of the lawyer's other hand; and was snivelling too, or something very like it.

And the Green Traveller, stooping down, picked from the floor an envelope directed to Mr. Donellan, in which was a paper without writing, but enclosing a bank note for ten pounds; and the envelope, and the paper, and the note were considerably crushed and crumpled by being carried about for two days in the Mallowman's pocket.

* * * *

And the lawyer was not a squeezer of widows after all! At least we will hope not, for Mrs. Fay's sake. I wish we could go the same length for him as regards orphans. The first use that he made of his liberated hands was to raise the black-haired girl to his own level, and folding her in his arms to inflict one, two, three deliberate smacks upon her rosy mouth; pausing between each to look into her black eyes; and perpetrating the several outrages with a relishing intonation that might have been heard into the road.

"I am very strongly disposed to hope," said the Green Traveller to himself, "that this re-

spectable solicitor will not, like the giant, die of unmelted butter."

"Dear me, Mr. Fay, what is all this about?" said a lady, coming very quietly into the room at the third smack, with a heightened colour, and a rather bright spark in her naturally soft blue eyes.

I have often observed, that when a man finds himself caught in a scrape, he has recourse to the palpably unjust bullying of some wretched dependant, who has no means of retaliation or defence; probably to assure himself of his own consequence. In this instance the lawyer fell upon his nose, in the sense of an onslaught, and probably because it had served him at a pinch before, and forced such a quantity of rappee into it, that he seemed in a fair way soon to have "his fine pate filled with fine dirt," unless provided with some hidden receptacle, such as that in which the celebrated Jack disposed of the giant's pudding.

Perhaps it may be thought, that in this instance the punishment was not wholly undeserved, seeing that the punished feature was first in the trespass. Though the mouth secured the game, the nose was clearly the leading poacher on the preserve.

But nobody answered the lady's reasonable question; and the red spots were getting larger on her cheeks—her eyes rounder—a thought more sparkling—and she was rapidly enlarging into a Juno.

But nobody spoke. The lawyer was busy punishing the poacher. "I'll give it you, you villain! I'll teach you to respect private property! I'll give you a taste of the strong-box for this!"

The Mallowman had fallen back upon his hat, which he appeared to have a purpose of turning up and moulding into a Repeal cap. Miss Donellan was examining the binding of her cloak, having previously drawn down the black fringed curtains over her eyes; and the old lady had turned her feet as well as she could, and was toasting the other sides.

"My dear madam," said the Green Traveller, seeing that nobody else came forward, "the fact is, that there has been a little misconception here——"

"There appears to be some still, sir," said the lady, with an accent and manner but very little above zero.

"And yet not of such a nature as cannot be explained to the satisfaction of all parties. It

appears that the little domestic tragedy in which I some time since attempted to excite your interest was brought about by the miscarriage of a note; and the scene you witnessed on coming in was the result of that note's being found, acting, as it could not fail to do, most powerfully on the grateful feelings of these poor people. It may have been wrong, perhaps, in the young person to kiss a gentleman's hand, but gratitude, and the securing of a good husband when all seemed lost, will lead people into strange vagaries. With respect to his thinking it necessary to make a return in kind, no doubt it can be easily explained to your entire satisfaction."

But here the Mallowman came to the rescue. "Faith, I wouldn't for fifty—no, not for a hundred pound, I hadn't got the note! Divle a bigger villain ever I thought a man than him, till I got the note! And now he'll have the blessing of th' ould and the young. Well, thinks I, if it's nursing he wants, it's meself that will give it him; and, faith, if it was your ladyship's self I'd be ready for the same, day or night; or any of the family. But by the blessing o'God will be married the morn's morning: 'tis not long will be having her into Mallow.

But sure if his honour 'd send, I'd be ready at any time; it isn't the distance I'd mind for the likes of him, if it was twice as far, when we're settled, barring it was harvest, or while we're digging the praties."

* * * *

It is recorded that the Green Traveller was persuaded to remain a day in that small town, and partake of Mr. and Mrs. Fay's hospitality. What is singular, too, his little scheme of putting the old woman to bed at the lawyer's was carried out without the necessity of the little sacrifices he meditated: that next morning the Green Traveller accompanied the lawyer and his wife to the Mallowman's wedding, Mr. Fay acting as father in church; and how, when the ceremony was over, that shocking solicitor insisted upon being paid for his trouble in a kind of coin much current among brides and bridegrooms, Mrs. Fay kindly insisting that he must be reasonable in his charges; and how after the ceremony, when the Mallowman and his wife began to talk of shouldering the old lady, and taking a stage towards their own country, the lawyer persuaded them to mount with himself and his wife, and the Green Traveller, upon a car which was waiting, and take

another look at the old house before they went; and how on their arriving there, to the immense astonishment of all, they found the old lady comfortable in her own bed again; and there was another and a better bed on the premises than had ever been seen there before; and the furniture was come back "fat," as they say at school; and the pig was at home as if nothing had happened; and the potatoes were boiled, and there was a hamper and a bottle or two; and the lawyer was obliged to bolt from the house to escape another nursing, which might have been attended with serious damage to the unfortunate scapegoat feature of his face, seeing that the ceiling was scarcely so high as the Mallowman's head.

Now, however strange may be the title of the Green Traveller, the creature is not very difficult to find; and perhaps the interest in the story might have been increased by naming it after something much more rare—a Soft Attorney.

LARRY LYNCH.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Cork, just at the town's end, there lived a gentleman of the name of Catlin. He was a man of independent property, sufficient to enable him to keep in with the society of the place; had a good house, an over-dressed wife, two daughters, three maid-servants, a footman; a horse and car, and a rough unlicked-cub of a groom-gardener. We may call him an under-servant generally, for he seemed quite at the bottom of things in the establishment, and was so far under all the rest of the household, that they seemed agreed to lay upon his shoulders all the dirty work that nobody else would do. Few orders were given that Larry Lynch did not come in for at second-hand. "John, I want the car."—"Larry, your missis wants the

car."—"Take this parcel to Mrs. Leary."—"Larry, take this parcel to Mrs. Leary's."—"Run with the letter to the post."—"Larry, run with the letter to the post."—"Where's the beer?"—"Larry, where's the beer?"—"Fetch the newspaper."—"Larry, fetch the newspaper." Nobody could have been in the house a day without wondering how they did anything at all without him. One would not have been surprised at hearing, "Larry, open my mouth, and put in a piece of meat;—now, some potatoe;—now, a little beer:" so entirely indispensable was he.

Mr. Catlin was a soft, easy-going man, who would make almost any sacrifice for a quiet life. All he cared for was a good plain dinner, a friend or two of his own way of thinking, a sufficiency of pocket-money, and a room to himself. People said he was hen-pecked; perhaps a strong expression applied to a man who seemed very much to have his own way, and particularly as there was no public demonstration of pecking. If he did catch it, the infliction was of that private and mysterious nature that, in all well-regulated families, is shrouded in the sacred secrecy of the bed-curtains. One thing there was no doubt about

—Mrs. Catlin had her own way in every thing: the domestic legislature was carried on without an opposition, organised or other; the prime minister's measures passed the house without an attempt at amendment; and the only bills Mr. Catlin was ever known to bring in were those payable to the bearer at the Bank of Ireland.

Mrs. Catlin was of the world, worldly. She flowed along with the grand stream; and to be out of that was, in her eyes, to be "bound in shallows and in misery." She liked bustling on, scrambling above other scramblers, and was nowise particular as to kicking and treading them down if they stood in her way. Rank was a great thing with her; she freely seized upon the handles of people's names to help her up in the world, and took a pride in exchanging cards with even the "Lady" of a knighted porkbutcher.

Of her two daughters, the youngest is our heroine: the other was like her mother. Julia Catlin was,——

"Ah!! now we shall have it," says Miss Tibbs. "Now it's coming! I know what it will be! Her form is what a Grecian sculptor would have delighted to model; that's quite

clear. She has a high, pale brow, most likely; and these men-writers always dwell upon beautiful bosoms, and that sort of trash; a fairy-foot — a sweetly rounded arm, and a soft hand with long slender fingers, well adapted for moulding on occasion of love-scenes. One can't, of course, guess at the kind of eyes he may give her; they will be either tender hazles, melting blues, too-expressive blacks, or a thoughtful grey; and she will certainly have a Grecian nose; a finely-chiselled mouth with coral lips, just revealing the pearly teeth. I feel convinced that she will be all frank, affectionate, gushing innocence; a being to shelter from the rude storms of life; a holy thing, and all heart."

We regret extremely that our description cannot keep pace with Miss Tibbs' imaginary picture; but truth obliges us to declare that our heroine was none of these. She was no beauty; had not a regular feature in her face; and her figure, if formed upon the Grecian model, was of the plumpest of that school.

She was not the "faultless monster" of a novel, but something much better: an artless, good-humoured Irish girl of nineteen.

In one thing she resembled the regular

heroines, — she was in love. She went the reprehensible length of believing what a young gentleman told her: he said he loved her; and I am almost afraid she was silly enough to own that she loved him in return. Artless girls do run into these mistakes, till they have been schooled out of the practice, and make the discovery that the whole truth is only to be told in a witness-box.

The young gentleman, Mr. Henry Farnham, was a subaltern in one of Her Majesty's regiments of foot, and, at the period of our story, was on the point of embarkation at Cove. His regiment was on board a transport in the harbour, and only waiting a favourable wind to bid adieu to the shores of Ireland for a distant tropical climate.

"The course of true love never did run smooth,"

and there was no exception made to the general rule in favour of our lovers. It all went wrong: there was hatred of parents, difference of politics; no rank, no money.

"It's disgraceful in such a fellow to think of Julia!" said Mrs. Catlin.

"Well, I believe he *is* poor," said Mr. Catlin.

"He shall never enter this house again!" said Mrs. Catlin.

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Catlin.

"It shan't be!" said Mrs. Catlin.

"Just as you please, my love," said Mr. Catlin; and, accordingly, Catlintown was declared in a state of siege, and all intercourse with the enemy, Henry Farnham, strictly forbidden, whether he should conduct his attacks in person, or by the more covert machinery of notes or messages. The co-operation of all the servants was secured in carrying out this severe order; excepting, indeed, Larry, who, living in remote retirement over the stable, was considered out of the garrison.

But here we think they made a mistake, for among tacticians it is considered indispensable to make safe the outworks before you invest the place; and therefore leaving Larry in a state of neutrality was decidedly a false step on the part of those in command.

It was about two o'clock one fine midsummer morning, that a gentle tapping was heard at the small window of the room over the stable occupied by our friend the groom-gardener: it was repeated again and again, for the occupant slept soundly after his multi-

farious duties; but at length it succeeded in eliciting the shock head and drowsy countenance of our indispensable serving-man at the window.

"Who the divle are ye? and what do ye want?"

"A ladder. I want to get into Miss Julia's room."

"Is that all? ye'r aisily pleased! It's Mr. Henry, I think? Well, faith, it's a quare time to be paying a visit to a lady, and she in bed! Ye'r airly in yer morning calls, I think——"

"My good fellow, come down; we sail soon after day-break, and I want your assistance. She will be up, for she expects me. I am come to take her away. You must help to get down her things. A carriage is waiting, and all ready."

"Well, bedad, ye seem to have the ball at yer fut. But how could I get a laddher? Will I ask for the loan of a laddher to brake into the master's house, and carry off the young crathur? Sure it's draming ye are! But sorrow laddher ye'll get here any how: ye should have brought one wid ye. Sure there's the pear-tree."

"But, my good fellow, I can't ask Miss Julia to climb down a tree!"

"Faith, it's true for ye. And how would I come down meself with the portmanty, and bag, and bonnet-box, and maybe a dressing-case, and the work-box, and two or three hair-thrunks, and the cloaks, and parasol, and baskets? But, anyhow, there's no laddher nearer than Ryan the mason's, agin the chapel; maybe he'd give ye the loan of it, if ye'd ask."

By this time the pair had approached the house, and Larry's concluding observations were uttered under Julia's window, up to which, and nearly encircling it, there grew an aged pear-tree in full bearing. It would appear that the fair inmate was aware of what was passing below, for the window was softly opened and Miss Julia Catlin appeared at it fully dressed.

To ascend was the work of a few seconds; and an animated conversation ensued between the lovers. The enamoured young gentleman explained his plan in few words. He had a carriage waiting, a Catholic priest (Miss Julia being of that persuasion) was engaged at Cove

to perform the marriage ceremony, and he had made every arrangement to take her on board as his wife, within three hours at furthest, and they would sail to other and happier climes, safe from the thwarting of unnatural parents, and pass their lives in love and joy! *et cætera! et cætera!*

But an unexpected obstacle presented itself—Julia refused to leave her father's house clandestinely: she was not to be moved. She declined it with many bitter tears. He was her only love—her all—but the step was too precipitate, nay indelicate; she could not come—she must part from him, though her heart should break in the effort! *et cætera! et cætera!*

The young man urged his suit with every argument that love is master of, but in vain: she was of a quiet but determined character, and he felt that he pleaded in vain.

"Whisht, for the love o' God!" said Larry, running from the gate; "the polis is coming—they 're just at the corner; ye've no time for creeping—down wid ye!—never mind the jargonels!—jump! the ground's saft."

But the young gentleman disregarded Larry's

advice, and instead of descending, mounted a step or two higher, and disappeared into the room.

The police looked suspiciously at the open window, but it was a hot night; and after carefully examining the fastenings of the gate, and finding all safe, passed slowly on.

How long the lovers remained together, or what they said, is not for us to dwell upon: suffice it, that the morning had already opened into broad daylight, and it was absolutely necessary to part. It is a sad necessity; a bitter moment better avoided. To separate is bad enough, but why tear each other's hearts with last adieux?

He came back again more than once. He was descending for the last time, when a roar of laughter from several persons proceeded from near the gate, and three young men, who had apparently been watching the scene, ran shouting away towards the town.

* * * *

* * * *

Haggard, pale, and unutterably miserable, poor Julia appeared at the breakfast-table. Her life had hitherto been all sunshine; but now a change was come. Something like

regret that she had resisted her lover's entreaties to elope with him may have mingled with her grief, or the bitter prospect of long-deferred hope. It is not, perhaps, surprising, that she never for a moment thought of the possibility of a change in her own affections during the long years that might elapse before she again saw him; the wonder is, that she had not the most remote conception that such a thing was probable on his part. It is fortunate that at nineteen we are troubled with few suspicions.

Mr. Catlin was not a man to notice such a trifle as a woman's tears, even if he had seen them. Perhaps he had the Frenchman's ingredients of happiness, "*mauvais cœur, bon estomac;*" he had, at any rate, a heart of extreme indifference to all human joys and sorrows; and as for a stomach, he would have tranquilly eaten his muffin at the Sicilian Vespers.

Mrs. Catlin and her eldest daughter guessed at the state of the case, and sundry sly looks were exchanged between them. Shortly after the meal, a note was handed in to the elder lady; she started at the first sentence: her face grew blacker in its expression as she read on; she almost foamed at the mouth as

she proceeded; she turned white with rage at the conclusion; and, then, rising with terrific calmness, laid it, with a deep courtesy, on the table before her daughter Julia, and quietly returned to her seat.

The note was as follows:—

"DEAR MRS. CATLIN,

"I am truly sorry to be the means of conveying unpleasant intelligence to you, but I am sure you will duly appreciate my motives, and make every allowance for the distressing position in which I am placed. I assure you I don't believe the report; and how it came to spread all over the town I can't conceive. Indeed, I said to Mrs. Conroy, when she told me, that I was satisfied there was some mistake. I said I knew Julia Catlin too well to think she *could* have acted with such imprudence; but Mrs. Conroy assured me, that she had it from one of the young men (Pierce, I think), who say they actually saw a gentleman come out of Julia's bed-room window at three o'clock this morning, and that he returned up the tree several times to kiss her (faugh!) as she stood at the window. Although they persist in stating that it was broad daylight, and they could distinguish the dear girl's features,

I yet am firmly persuaded it must have been somebody else—one of the maids, probably. I thought, *dear* Mrs. Catlin, that you would not like to hear this first as the common talk of the town; so I pen these few lines in the certainty that *dear* Julia will be able to clear herself.

"With love to her and *dearest* Miss Catlin, believe me, ever sincerely and affectionately, yours,

"———

"P.S.—How is dear Mr. Catlin? I dare say you will laugh at this as a good joke. Adieu!"

Scarcely had Mrs. Catlin handed this to her daughter, when another little three-cornered billet, on rose-coloured paper, was presented on the silver waiter. It was dashed and doubly dashed—nay, trebly dashed towards the close. It was scored with emphasis; but we will not inflict these stripes upon the reader.

"O, DEAREST MRS. CATLIN!

"There is such a report about! I positively can hardly bring myself to write it! How can

they say so! Say, say, is it true? O, surely, surely no! But it is, alas! too generally believed! How can I write it! It is said, O dearest Mrs. Catlin,—what will they not say? —that your daughter Julia has been carrying on an intrigue with a young man, who has been repeatedly seen entering her bed-room by the pear-tree at night, and leaving every morning after daylight. That some young men (I am sure I forget their names), have watched your house some time and seen it repeatedly. How shocking! how wicked! never to have told you, and dear Mr. Catlin,—so confiding, so good! What a return! but such is life! Ease my mind, dearest friend, on this most painful subject. Say, oh say, that it is all a vile fabrication—that these wretches never saw it—that dear, dear Julia is innocent! Have compassion on my excited feelings, and write immediately. My heart bleeds for you. Will you believe it? I never heard the report till just now, though I understand it has been long well known to every body in Cork. Cruel, cruel wretches! Adieu, dearest friend.

"Your ever affectionate

"———"

"P.S.—There is even a worse report—(can there be such?)—about poor Julia; but I cannot bring myself to write it. I am broken-hearted! Farewell!"

The reading of this was scarcely ended when a letter was handed in, addressed to Mrs. Catlin, in the staid, formal hand of the family physician. It ran thus:—

"My dear Madam,

"Although I am, as you know, no gossip, yet I cannot altogether shut my ears to what is spoken of amongst my neighbours. I regret to say that it is only within the last half-hour that I have been made aware of the event which has taken place in your family. I allude, of course, to the clandestine marriage, and *accouchement*, last night, of your second daughter. The fact of the marriage is, I am informed, disbelieved by many; but I have too high an opinion of Miss Julia's principles, and also of the correct way in which you have brought up your family, to permit me to doubt this part of the story for one moment. Although I have no doubt, my dear madam, that you had cogent reasons for keeping this affair

private, yet I cannot help feeling that, as an old friend of Mr. Catlin's and yourself, I might have expected to have been made acquainted with it confidentially: as I do not apprehend that any thing has occurred during my long professional attendance upon your family to render me unworthy of such a proof of your good opinion. That you should, however, in addition to this want of confidence, have entrusted the safety of your daughter and her infant, in the most trying crisis of her life, to the skill of an entire stranger, has, I confess, hurt me very deeply, as the world is but too ready to magnify such a circumstance into a proof of professional incompetency, and the thoughtless may naturally enough draw an inference to the prejudice of my practice and reputation. With compliments to Mr. Catlin,

"Believe me, Madam,

"Your very humble servant,

"_____."

The other was a card enclosed:—

"MISS FALLADDLE,
MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER,
305 Patrick Street,
CORK.
Children's Dresses in great variety.
N.B.—An extensive assortment of Baby-linen always on hand."

"As when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian——"

so did the united storm of Mrs. Catlin and her eldest daughter break upon the head of the luckless Julia.

"Tell me, you horrid girl! is this true?" said Mrs. Catlin, shaking the crumpled letters in her clenched fist before the deadly-pale face of the poor girl.

"Answer mamma, directly, you wretch!" said the eldest daughter. "I wonder you're not ashamed to live!"

"Bad job," said Mr. Catlin.

"Who is it?" screamed the mother. "Who is the villain that has dared to treat us so? But you are worse, you miserable creature! ten times worse, than he!"

"Yes, say who it is, if you are not ashamed to speak to dear mamma."

"Ah! wonder if I know him?" said Mr. Catlin.

"You admit it, you horrid crearture! do you? I've a mind to strangle you, that I have!" said Mrs. Catlin.

She's beneath your notice, the base wretch!" said her congenial daughter.

"It's a queer thing altogether," said Mr. Catlin.

It was in vain that poor Julia protested—that she implored them to believe her simple story. She did not attempt to deny that a man had entered her bed-room; but no power on earth should force her to declare his name. The admission was enough: she was loaded with abuse—shaken—thrust in an old nursery with iron bars to the windows, and the door locked upon her.

"Puzzle him to get in there," said Mr. Catlin.

It is not to be supposed that so important a personage as Larry Lynch was in the family, would be allowed to escape unquestioned on such a momentous occasion as this; and particularly as, from his known early habits, it was

probable enough that he might have it in his power to throw some light upon the transaction. He was accordingly sent for, to be closely questioned by the assembled family.

But Larry was not readily forthcoming on that eventful morning. It was observed, that he had been unusually civil in volunteering his services to the domestics generally, and had undertaken sundry commissions to the town, from the execution of which he seemed in no great hurry to return. Messenger after messenger was sped after Larry, and when these returned unsuccessful, a general muster of all the servants was made to search, not only the garden and stables, but every nook and corner about the place; and there was a shouting of his name in the deep bass of the footman, assisted by several powerful trebles, to a degree that rendered it quite impossible for Larry to be thereabouts without knowing that he was wanted; unless, indeed, he had been afflicted with sudden deafness. But the calling was all in vain; and having gone over the kitchen garden and through the shrubberies more than once, they were about to return in despair, when a sharp-eyed housemaid peering behind the boards of a broken-down summer-house,

which had been consigned to a corner for firewood, saw Larry quietly seated and shaping a board with his knife.

"Well done, all of yees!" said Larry, jumping up, when he found himself discovered, "that 'll do right well! Divle such a routing the burds got since the fruit come in. Faith, if ye 'd on'y come every day, three or four times in the morning, beginning airly, and once or twice agin in th' afternoon, ye 'd soon scare 'em out o' this. I'm obleeged to ye, Dinnis, indeed; ye 've a grand tone in yer voice, and I seen how ye rattled 'em out o' the cherry-tree. Sure, them ambers is no good for 'em. I'd hardly get a dish for the masther's table, let alone taking any to Mrs. Macguire. Faith, Dinnis, ye went bowldly through the bushes: when I seen ye in the sweet-briar, I was 'most afeared ye 'd be afther tearing yer Angolys, or perhaps get a thorn in yer shorts. Indeed, I'm greatly obleeged t' all o' yees, for it's destroyed entirely I am with the hooshing and screeching since three in the morning, so I sits me down aisy to make me a clapper, for my throat's 'most done."

"But, bad luck to ye," said the footman,

"why didn't ye say where ye were, and we tearing mad afther ye? Sure, we've run ye like a fox through the town and over the grounds since breakfast, and sorrow glass claned, or any of the silver. I've been tuk three times away from rubbing the spoons to look for ye."

"Faith, it's true for Denis, so it is; and the beds not made nor the slops emptied."

"Ah, murther!" said Larry, "to see the maids cutting through the wet greens, houlding up their coats and shewing the long socks! Faith, Katty, ye had 'em of another colour at Skibbereen, and the brogues too."

"No, nor so much as a praty got, nor a cabbage for the sarvants' dinners, nor the fish ordered—ye forget it's Friday—and how'll I get it in time?"

"Well indeed, cook, ye might have cut the cabbage yerself when ye were in it; ye made a pillalooing fit to frighten the sprouts. Is it fish ye want? Do ye remimber the sort ye give us last week? By my sowl I haven't got the bones out o' my throat yit: I'd as soon ate a sheet o' pins."

"Sure, it's too bad o' ye Larry to lade us

after ye through the wet and dirt: how will I go to attind the ladies the state I'm in? Did ye hear us calling ye?"

"Is it hear ye? Faith, I'd have heered ye at Cove, let alone Passage, with the wind down the strame. But who ever heered tell of four people screeching together afther one man, and he close by all the time? Didn't ye see me down by all boords when ye passed? I thought it's relaving me with the burds ye were. But who the divle towld ye to go in the dirt? Couldn't ye keep yer fut out o' the sallading, and that just sowed? I've work for a week wid ye. 'Tisn't aisy to rake out the marks o' crubeens like them.' Says I, 'when ye first came out,' says I, 'that's the misses, long life to her; she's sent 'em out to pillaloo the blackbirds and th' other varmint that do be ating the currants, and sorrow bit we'll have for the presarves. Well, bad cess to them,' says I; 'why would they be calling Larry, and alarming the town, and making a holy show of me? Sure, I'll have the polis sarching for me, and think I 'm a robber. But at any rate,' thinks I, 'I'll wait and see what they'll do;' though, faith, I was hard set to keep quite wid yer screeching, on'y I seen

how ye started the t'rushes. And what the divle do ye want wid me, afther all? I've no time to do anything. It's four times I've been in town to-day. I'd as lief be in a marching ridgement itself."

But here the garrulous gardener was interrupted with the information that he was wanted immediately in the breakfast-room, to be examined by the master and mistress touching his knowledge of the events of the morning; and finding that no further evasions would avail him, was marched under escort of the other servants, till they lodged him safely at the breakfast-room door: not, however, without his having made one dodge into the stable under pretence of rubbing his shoes clean upon the straw, and to collect his thoughts in the present emergency.

"What I'll do," said Larry, muttering to himself as he worked away at his shoes, while the other servants stood looking on at the doorway, "what I'll do now, it's hard to say. I'll get my walking-ticket now, sure enough. But anyhow," said Larry, cheering himself up, "why would I mind? sure, it's on'y five pound a-year, and a shoot o' fuss'ns!"

Fortified with this reflection, the under-gar-

dener was ushered into the awful presence of Mrs. Catlin; not to mention that of her daughter and Mr. C.

"Presarve ye, ma'am!" said Larry, making his bow; "and the same to the masther and miss, lucks round. I heered ye wanted me, and I says to them as come, says I, 'I hope the missis won't keep me a minute, for,' says I, 'there's work for ten hands, let alone two; and the pays to be sticked—and the grass cut—and the flowers tied—and the walks weeded. Indeed, it's most ashamed I am when the quality do be coming up to the doore, the state they're in ——'"

"Well, never mind all that," said Mrs. Catlin, interrupting him. "Answer me one thing ——"

"With pleasure, ma'am," said Larry briskly; "anything at all, I ——"

"What time were you up this morning?"

"What time, ma'am? Well, thin, indeed I couldn't justly say not to half-an-hour, or an hour, or maybe more. The watch I have's in for ten hog, and I've a cowld and can't hear the clocks. Maybe 'twas five, or perhaps airlier; but when I get the next quarther's ——"

"Now, tell me," said Mrs. Catlin, "when

you first got up did you see any one, and who did you see?"

"I did, ma'am: I seen a man."

"A young man?" said Miss Catlin.

"Faith he was, miss."

"Where was he when you first saw him?" said Mrs. C.

"Is it where he was, ma'am? Well, faith, I seen him first looking over the wall at the corner, then he come on to the gate and looked in a bit there, and then he come on forenenst the stable."

"And you spoke to him?"

"I did not, ma'am—he spoke to me first."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Faith, he heered me hooshing the burds, and up at the windy he looks, and says he, 'Morrow, Larry,' says he. 'Morrow kindly, Kit,' say I; 'how are ye since?' 'Hearty,' says he; 'how's yerself?' 'Purty well,' says I, 'barring a cowld, and a hoarseness I've got hooshing at the burds,' says I. 'Sorrow bit of fruit we'd have for the presarves, on'y I'm up airly to drive 'em.' 'And how's things goan wid ye?' says he. 'Right well,' says I; 'we'd a great crap o' sparrowgrass, and the savoys tuk, on'y they're destroyed with the slugs, bad

luck to them! and a purty sprinkling o' banes we have; and,' says I, 'how're ye getting on your way?' 'Faith, but poorly,' says he; 'whate's down, and the praties is kilt for the want o' wather. But,' says he, 'do the masther go fowling this year? Sure he might have a day's cracking with huz when the crap's in, for there's lashons o' pattridges, and as big as hins. Sure,' says Kit, 'the masther's the one to down them. Divle a better ever I seen, barrin' th' officer from Kinsale; and sure the masther 'd bate him into fits with the laste taste o' practice ——'"

Thus far had Larry run on without a perceptible stop, looking hard at his master as least likely to interrupt him, and entirely blind to the various impatient movements of Mrs. Catlin, as well as deaf to her exclamations. When at last pulled up, and questioned if he saw any one about the house, he answered with his usual readiness. In fact the questions were no sooner uttered than his answers were bolted out, and he plunged into a new stream of narrative.

"Is it about the house, ma'am? Faith I did. That's when I come back from the garden I seen somebody at the windy, half in and half

out; says I, 'They're airly stirring; what game will that be?' But when I come down to the corner, I seen it's Katty Kane it was claning the windy. And' says I, 'Mind yerself, for fear ye'd fall, Katty,' says I; 'for there's choice plants under yees, and ye'r a fine lump of a girl, so ye are; and if ye'd drop out o' that it's the divle's game ye'd play with the lilies, and the late tulips, and th' other flowers,' says I; and the missis do be proud o' them; and she's the raison any how. Sure, there's th' Imperial Purple,' says I; 'and the Great Mogul,' says I; 'and the Roossian Kaisar—and, faith, I'd be hard set to tell ye the names of half o' them. And there's the Blooming Bride,' says I; 'that's yerself some day,' says I, 'Katty. And hould tight,' says I, 'for fear ye'd slip; and don't ye be twisting round that away to look, for ye've a narrow sate there, Katty, and ye overhang a dale; so take a firm grip wid yer calves,' says I, 'Katty, for fear ye'd let go——'"

"But did you see any other person—any gentleman, about the place?"

"Did I see any gintlemen, ma'am? Faith I did, ma'am, plenty o' them. Gintlemen—and boys—and young girls—and ould women, hapes o' them. Sure, I seen Mrs. Malone, o'

Patrick Street; I wouldn't mistake her: but it wasn't much notice I tuk o' them."

Mrs. Catlin had a very natural repugnance to mentioning the name of him whom she suspected of invading the premises, but still it was of importance to set matters right upon that point; so, calling up all her dignity, she proceeded in the examination with an air which was meant to retain the excursive flights of the witness: and while avoiding, if possible, the dreaded name, to lead him at once to the point.

"Now tell me, sir, I desire you," says Mrs. Catlin, with sour severity.

"Any thing at all, ma'am, I——"

"Answer me the question I am about to put to you. Did you, amongst the people who were about the road or near the house this morning, see any gentleman who is in the habit of visiting at this house, or that you have ever known to call here at any time?"

"Well, thin, indeed ma'am, I think I did: but I wouldn't be quite sure of the same, because it's running my eyes do be with the cowld, but I'm 'most sure I seen Mr. Raheny o' Mallow: if 'twasn't him, divle a more striking likeness——"

"Now, if I was to mention the name——"

"The divle fire ye!" said Larry, hitting his thigh a violent blow with his fist, and rubbing his knuckles hard down his leg as if in pursuit; "the divle fire and fly away wid ye! sure ye might lave off ating me before the quality! It's destroyed entirely with the flays I am, ma'am; they're ating me day and night. Faith, ye might scrape 'em up in a spoon they're so thick, and the quilt o' the bed do look like a carraway cake wid 'em. It's the powltry as does it; sure they've a sloping boord up to the windy, and sorrow bit I'm able to keep 'em out o' that. Divle a night that I don't go to bed with a cock and six hins, but the cock's the worst o' them. 'Twas only last night I says to him, 'Yowld rooster,' says I, 'can't ye lave clapping yerself till the sun's riz, and distarbing the folks? Sure, ye might pay attintion to the hins,' says I, 'without scraping yer leg that away. Ye've tuk the sheet from me, so ye have.' And there's a good flight o' pigeons in it, too, ma'am: 'Coo! coo!' says they, when I'm hardly got to bed. 'The divle coo ye,' says I; 'better for ye go out o' doores,' says I, 'than to be bowing and gallanting in my apartmint.' I aften says——

Bad luck to yees!" said Larry, interrupting himself, and executing a sort of general screw of his whole body, so as to scrape the clothes against every part at once—" bad luck to yees! ye're all on the move, are ye? Faith there's no bigger skamers than flays! If they get sight of a carpet, or a harth-rug, or any thing the like o' that, they 're mad to get at it. Sure, I feel 'em coorsing about. They 're not confined wid me as th'are wi' Dinnis; there's no turnpike all down the road. Oncet they get into yer sofys, let alone yerself ma'am (I ax yer pardon), ye'd be hard set to get shut o' them. Bad manners to me! but they've tuk the masther," said Larry, seeing Mr. Catlin make a rapid movement to scratch his neck. "I hardly thought they'd got so far as that. Did they bite smart or slow, sir? Ah, them's flays, divle a doubt of it."

Whether the lively picture drawn by Larry —verified as it appeared to be by Mr. Catlin— had not some effect in bringing the examination to a close, cannot be more than surmised, yet certain it is he was told that he might retire; a permission of which he quickly availed himself, though with extreme softness, towards the door.

"Yer sarvant, ma'am," said Larry, holding the door while he made his last obeisance; "and his honour—and miss. Sure I'm most afeered to move, else, maybe, I'd shake more o' them out o' the fuss'ns."

Arrived in the hall, he executed a fling that nearly brought his head in contact with the lamp, and then rushed into the garden. As he passed the butler's pantry, he took occasion to look in at the footman, busy in rubbing the spoons.

"Well, Dinnis," said Larry, "are ye ready to take another turn at 'em? Faith, ye've a grand tone for burds, as I tould ye before; ye larned that in the country attinding the young whate."

* * * * *

While this scene was enacting in Cork, the only person who could have cleared poor Julia was rapidly leaving the harbour behind him: the ample sails of the transport caught the freshening breeze, and before the nursery door had closed upon the wretched girl, the Wanderer was below the western horizon.

And did nobody amongst the five hundred dear friends of the family believe the story of

her who had never been convicted of a lie? Not one: excepting, indeed, Larry, whose testimony would have been utterly worthless, or only confirming the worst part of the story,—the entrance of young Henry at the window. Under such circumstances, no one believes. If she had murdered children or a husband—burnt a family—poisoned a friend—destroyed a town—she might have been certain of sympathy. Letters of advice and condolence would have flowed in upon her: sympathising females would have travelled up by fast trains to sing hymns in her cell—elderly gentlemen would have read to her, and wept. She would have become the lion of a prison; and, by a little well-feigned eccentricity, of a madhouse! A cold-blooded, calculating murderer, who shoots a gentleman in broad day in the street, is well lodged, and rendered interesting for the rest of his life; and in the case of a would-be regicide, sentimental young ladies club their pocket-money to make his confinement endurable, by supplying him with entertaining books and lessons on the violin!

"Every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame."

* * * *

* * * *

Julia had an aunt in Dublin, the widow of a retired tradesman, well to do in the world, but looked down upon by the more aristocratic branch of the family at Cork. Indeed, Mrs. Catlin would have considered it degrading in the extreme to hold any sort of communication with a chandler's widow. But to this person poor Julia applied for a refuge, and did not apply in vain.

Mrs. Slattery lived in Thomas Street: she scorned to leave the old premises where her husband made his money; so converted the shop into a front parlour, and sat looking into the street and watching her neighbours, and enjoying herself from morning till night almost every day of the year.

One might have supposed that nobody would have thought it worth while to give any additional nickname to a person called "Slattery;" but those who think so would form too favourable an estimate of mankind. Perhaps her acquaintance thought that one bad name deserved another; so added the familiar contraction of her baptismal appellation, and called her Peg Slattery. And here, surely, we might

imagine that even malignity would stop: but no, they angled still deeper in the pool of vituperative nomenclature, and dragged up—what *do* you think?—

"SNUFFY PEG SLATTERY!"

in allusion to a cherished personal habit. Nay, I am not sure if there was not a lower deep than even this, and that "Snuffy Peg" was not, if possible, more insulting from its gross and unfeeling familiarity.

Mrs. Slattery received our heroine with real kindness; listened to her story, and, strange to say, believed it: installed her in the best bed-room, gave strict injunctions to the housemaid to attend to all her wants, offered her a pinch of Lundy Foot's highest toast, and hurried back to the parlour window. She would not have left that window for half-an-hour, unless upon the most urgent business, to have been made lady mayoress.

Poor Julia was sensibly touched with her aunt's kindness: though rather uncouth, she felt at once that it was genuine; and in this commodity there is no mistaking the real article, while the counterfeit is discovered by even dogs and cats. In poor Julia's position

it was something to find a friend even in Snuffy Peg Slattery.

But in opening her box, she unexpectedly lighted upon another. Lying conspicuously on the top of her clothes was an old and well-darned worsted-stocking, originally intended for an adult wearer of the male sex, but now, by dint of many washings, shrunk almost into the dimensions of a child's sock. At the extreme end of the toe was, carefully wrapped in paper, the sum of four pounds, seventeen shillings, and sixpence, in silver, and the following letter:—

"Honor'd Miss,—

"Enclosed is a thrifle ov wages which sorrow bit ov me knows what to do wid. I'm tould that the banks do be braking, so I tuk it out ov the savings' bank; for, says I to meself, sure none but poor people puts into that one at all, and how would they keep up a bank when the quality's banks do be going to the bad? Well, I got the money hard enough, for they wanted me, whether or no, to lave it wid 'em; but faith, when I seen how anxious they were for it, I seen it's purty near

gone they were. Sure, I wouldn't have it in notes at all, when they wanted to put their paper upon me; and, faith, I thowt it would save ye the throuble to get change, which is mighty scarce here anyhow, and it's aisier to spend in hogs and tanners, which is what I'd wish ye to do, miss, and nothing else at all. What would I want wid it when I git hapes to ate and a sup o' dhrink, and a shoot o' fussons, let alone th' masther's boots, and th' ould hats? it would on'y be burning me pocket, or, maybe, lade me into mischif; and now it's prefarmint for me to think I'm obleeging yer honour, miss, wid a thrifle, that, if it was twenty pound, would never come up to the half, nor the quarther, nor hardly the laste taste of all the fevers I've had from Mr. Henry himself, let alone ye, miss, that was always the kindest and best ov 'em. So, wishing yerself and Mrs. Slatthery, and Bess Mullally, that's from Carrigaline, th'ousemaid I hear, lucks round,

"I remain to command,

"Yer humble sarvant,

"LARRY LYNCH."

Mrs. Slattery was true to the parlour window

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as dial to the sun; and there were few events in that neighbourhood that she did not chronicle in her mind. There she sat, with spectacle on nose, and box in hand; and it was owing to this latter habit, indulged in so conspicuous a place as Thomas Street, that she acquired the *sobriquet* already noticed.

"Come here, Julia," said she, as her niece entered the room, her eyes yet red from the effects of Larry's generosity. "Come, quick! quick! there's Pickled Salmon going in for his seventh naggin—he had his first at nine. I wouldn't be surprised if he got one while I was upstairs wid you when you came. How he'll mind his business and attend to his family, and go on so, *I* can't think. Them's a couple of fine flanty girls. I think I can guess where they come from; and it's through the Castle-yard they're going. Ah!——Lord! look at Mrs. Mullins! if she isn't goin' into Sloper's again! There's something goin' on: Patty's to be married, I hear. Well, Jack Mullins, I'd rather you'd pay the bill than me! That's a fine draggle-tailed one; better for her mend the heel of her stocking before she hold up her dress. Look at the carriage! Look at the carriage! There's

ringlet's!—that's grand, if they're not false!—See old Fearon creeping; well he may have the gout if all's true: any how, bad as it is, he's glad to get out of the reach of his wife's tongue. Poor fellow! he'll take to th' other stick soon. See, there, miss at the window; she's come to shew the clean collar; better for her help Katty to wash up the dishes and turn down the beds. Sure they have but one of all-work, and how that one does it's a wonder. 'Twas on'y yesterday they had their wash: they couldn't dry it to-day—so that's the way they have it all the week about; and there's the blinds in this time, for they're all down. But let what will stand, they must have their best muslin dresses ready for Kingstown, Sunday. Look at Mrs. Mias!! Faith, she's been and done it! And Maria! *and* Bessy! *and* Victorine! *and* Sairey Lizzy! They're aff to-day! Now, where'll that be to? It's a covered car—it's to Rathmines—to Marley Fad's! Well done, Sairey! you've the best ginger on. That's for young Fad: he's a catch. And Sally the plum-colour (that's a good wearing thing: that's three-year old, all out). Ah! will ye look at Bess in the pink silks? Watch her step into the

car. Did ye ever see a pair of crushers like them? Faith, she's a true Mullingar heifer—beef to the heels. Little Vic's the best of them; it's she gets up all the fine: the mother told me that. Och! blessings to your heart! if they haven't dressed up Slack, the shop-boy, in a dark mixture coat, and put a cockade in his hat, for the tay party? That'll frighten Fad out of a year's growth: he never could come that, though it's retired they are—that'll be the talk o'Rathmines. I wonder what th' ould man allows for all that. It's seldom they take him with them—he's serving the customers."

* * * *

Though given to exercise her talent in small criticisms, Mrs. Slattery was in the main a good-natured woman, and did all she could to render her niece's stay comfortable. On one point Julia was fixed as a rock—she would go into no society: and it was only after some weeks of persuasion that she could be prevailed upon to accompany her aunt to the theatre, and this solely to oblige her.

Mrs. Slattery prided herself upon her loyalty; and on the occasion of a "command night," when the lord-lieutenant attended the house

in state, she was a regular and successful candidate for a front place in one of the most conspicuous boxes in the theatre. The late Mr. Slattery had, during a long course of business, supplied the Castle with wax and sperm, and the other articles he dealt in; and it was his widow's pride and boast, that she would shew her gratitude through thick and thin.

Persons at all notorious would do well to arm themselves with a good stock of assurance when they occupy conspicuous places at the Dublin theatre: there is no place of public entertainment in any civilised country where greater license is conceded to the mob. Not only are names freely called out, but many pleasant allusions to personal peculiarities and private history indulged in; and now and then the fun of the shilling gallery is launched in the shape of a bottle or a brick at an obnoxious character on the stage or in the boxes. More or less throughout the performance, there is a contention between the pit, boxes, and galleries; the latter generally commencing it with "Three cheers for O'Connell!" or, "Hurrah for Repeal!" answered from the pit and boxes with the Conservative fire, produced by feet and sticks in this measured ca-

dence—Rap, rap, rap—Rap, rap, Rap—Rap, rap, rap.

Scarcely had our aunt and niece taken their seats, when they were recognised by some friend from the westward (Dublin fashion, contrary to that of London, holding to the east of the city), who roared from the gallery—

"Blood an' ouns! there's Snuffy Peg in the front ov 'em. Success to the candle trade! Faith, that's a tidy heifer along wid her—that's a dip of ould Slattery's. Look at ould mother French in the brown jasey—long life to ye, ma'am! What's your husband doin' now?—A clap for the town-major!—Hurrah for the green satins: there's a pair ov 'em! A groan for Lady Blake." Then a roar for "Tom Mō-ō-ō-re, Tom Mō-ō-ōre!" in a voice such as nobody ever heard out of Ireland, till the National Poet is forced to come to the front of the box and make a speech *àpropos de rien*, without which nothing would satisfy them.

In the course of the evening a middle-aged gentleman, with abundant black whiskers, and a mass of white neckcloths coming up to his ears, accosted Mrs. Slattery, and begged an introduction to her niece, which was readily accorded, by the name of Major Sprainer. He

was a blustering, hard-speaking gentleman—a noted duellist, and consequently much shunned by the men. He was one of your "What d'ye mane" people, a race now happily becoming rare in the land. He had given, it was said, a quietus to several of his friends, till his ardour was considerably quenched by an unlooked-for wound from a tyro in the art, and which his remaining associates looked upon as a singular mercy; next only to his having been put out of the way altogether.

The gallant major took most kindly to our heroine, and laid himself out to please both aunt and niece; so successfully indeed with the former, that he was asked to call in Thomas Street at his earliest convenience.

The gallant officer was not a man to neglect an invitation of the kind, fraught as it was with the abundant hospitality of Mrs. Slattery, whom he had known long, and whose good things retained a lively hold upon his recollections; and the more readily did he promise her the pleasure of his company, as he had taken a sudden partiality to her niece. His attentions were rather particular for a first acquaintance; but the major was off-hand in his dealings with the sex: like the chieftain

mentioned by Spenser, "he liked not to be long wooing of wenches," and thought that the tactics recommended towards a widow were equally efficacious when applied to a maid.

From that day forth Major Sprainer became the regular morning visitor of Mrs. Slattery's, and stayed to dine whenever he was asked, which was about five times a-week. The worthy lady of the house was too happy to entertain a gentleman that brought all the gossip of fashionable life, and filled up the long, vacant evenings, when there was no supervision of the neighbourhood.

This was a sad infliction upon poor Julia, who was subject to the perpetual pester of the man's attentions; offered, as it seemed to her, with a familiarity in nowise justified by so short an acquaintance; and even the aunt herself began to wonder what was to be the result of his *intentions:* they were destined to an early developement.

One day the Major called when Mrs. Slattery was out, and thinking the time so favorable for bringing matters to issue, he requested a few minutes' conversation with Miss Catlin alone, and then proceeded with great delibera-

tion to unfold his plans respecting her. What these were may be probably inferred from the following letter:—

"LARRY,

"This comes with many thanks for your letter ye sent by Miss Julia. Sure I've attinded her careful as ye desired, and a nice crater she is, and sorrow any trouble she gives us, but the revarse; but it's destroyed she is by a big blackguard of a Major—Sprainer, they call him, that been coming here afther her ever sense she cam up, bad luck to him! But the missis said, 'Sure,' says she, 'maybe they'd make a match, for he's a fine clever man and indipindent, and mighty fand of her, and I'd be proud to have her settled nigh-hand me.' But any how, one day Sprainer called and the missis was out, and says Sprainer to me, 'Betty,' says he, 'you'r a purty girl, and you've got a bright eye,' says he, 'and a full figure, Betty,' says he, taking a liberty. And says I, 'Hands aff's fair play, major,' says I; 'one at a time; how saft I am! Betther for ye keep yer attintions for the quality,' says I; 'there's Miss Julia you'r coorting.' And says he, 'Faith,

that's thrue, for ye, Betty,' says he, 'and perhaps, you'd jist run down t' Essex Bridge and buy me an ounce of Foot's toasted snuff; I like it fresh and fresh; and here's something to pay for it,' says he, 'and keep the change for yerself, Betty, for ye desarve it for the throuble I give ye opening the doore. And,' says he, 'at Nowlan's, jist round the corner, I seen a sweet purty ribbin that will do ye right well; it's got the blush of the rosebud like yer own cheek,' says he, making his fun ov me. 'And don't ye take anything they give ye,' says Sprainer; 'but match it,' says he, 'wid yer cheek, else, maybe, it would kill the colour. And,' says he, 'if any one comes, I'll answer the doore,' says he; 'for I know th' ould cook's deef; so don't be fraid of laving the house, for I'm in no hurry for the snuff.' 'Well, faith,' thinks I, 'he's not so bad afther all; but who'd have thought o' Sprainer looking in at a ribbin-shop, and remimbering the colour ov me cheeks!' Thinks I, 'that's too civil by half. But anyhow, there's no harm in looking at the ribbin.' So I just tuk a look at Nowlan's windy, and sorrow one was there but two ould greens and a blue. Well, I thought it quare

enough; but I'd come so far I'd like to see: so says I to the young man, 'Will ye plaze to shew me the rosebud ribbin ye had in the windy while ago?' And says he, 'Miss, we don't keep the likes of that in the windy at all, ony them as won't fade,' says he. 'Well,' thinks I to meself, 'that major's a skamer.' 'But have ye got the ribbin?' says I; for faith I wanted to find him out. 'What shade, miss?' says the young man. 'Well,' says I, puttin me hand to me face, 'something the colour,' says I; but faith I was shamed ov me life. 'If,' says he, 'miss, ye'd be afther pattherning yer cheek,' says he, 'it's hopeless,' says he; 'for art has no chance, not the laste, wid nature.' Well, indeed, it's an iligant shop and civil people, 'but,' says I, 'I'll call agin, young man; at present I'm pressed.' 'And much ye desarve it,' says he, mighty genteel. So I cuts aff to Foot's for the snuff, and away wid me back again, hot fut, and I found it all in a flurry, and Miss Julia locked in her room, sobbin' fit to break her heart; and the major was gone, and the missis tould me never to let him in agin; and they say the blackguard has been telling all sorts of quare tales of Miss Julia all over the town, what he

says he heered from Cork. And the missis is sadly vexed.

"So no more at present from

"ELIZABETH MULLALLY.

"P. S. I most forgot to tell ye that the missis desired me to say that she is in want of a man, and willing to take ye if out of place. It's ten pound and two shoots, mighty aisy, and ony Molly and me."

We must now recur to the young gentleman to whose inopportune visit at an unseasonable hour, at Mr. Catlin's, so much misery was owing. He was barely in time to catch the transport as she sailed between the two forts which guard the entrance of Cork harbour, and looked down upon so many thousands, "leaving their country for their country's good," that annually pass between them. The weather, though fine at starting, soon shewed signs of change; the coy east wind, so unfortunately fair for master and agent, barely lasted till they had cleared the land, when a heavy gale from the westward set in. Being well at sea, the above-named functionaries had no available excuse for running back, though ready enough to seize upon the slightest

excuse for so doing, both being paid by the day, and in most instances having wives on shore. Though keeping the sea, they had little hope of progression, till at length in a happy moment they carried away a foretopmast, when there was nothing for it but a return to Cove for repairs, a month from the day of sailing.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that Henry Farnham hastened to Cork the moment the ship dropped her anchor, and almost the first person he saw, on entering the precincts of the "beautiful city," was our friend Larry, puzzling, as he walked along the road, over the letter he had just received from Miss Mullally.

Larry could hardly believe his eyes. His first effort was to shout — then to laugh — then to cry, and finally, thrusting the letter into Mr. Farnham's hand, to dance about while he read it, incessantly hitting with his right arm, as if armed with a stick, and employed in savagely pounding some imaginary antagonist; uttering all the time cries of, "Take *that*, ye blackguard! and *that*, ye villain! and *that*, ye rap! and *that*, ye robber! and then ye may put *that* in yer pipe and smoke it."

A few questions elicited a narrative of the whole course of events since our youth departed, and such was the stunning effect of the communication, that he remained almost stupified with astonishment, grief, and remorse. Speedily, however, rage came to his assistance, and he fixed upon Major Sprainer as the first object of his revenge.

After a brief consultation with Larry Lynch, it was agreed that nothing should be said of Mr. Farnham's return; but that Larry should at once take places in the Dublin mail for that evening, whilst the young gentleman returned to the ship to secure the co-operation of a brother-officer, and both meet the mail on the Fermoy road, about midway between Cove and Cork.

To Mr. Farnham's surprise, when the mail drove up he discovered Larry occupying a seat on the roof, dressed in an uncommonly long drab greatcoat, which concealed all his underclothing, though revealing a pair of thick nailed shoes; and wearing on his head a very indifferent hat, to which he had added a cockade.

"Here's my master," said Larry, officiously jumping down, and hustling the beggars right

and left. "We 've no coppers, I tell ye—we'll remimber ye coming down. Has yer honours anything but the two portmantys? Whoop!" said Larry, catching sight of a pistol-case, which he seized and tossed into the air; "we'll tache ye to behave yerself wid yer rosebud ribbins, ye common robber! let alone th' innocent crathur that's destroyed wid ye, ye foul-mouthed blackguard that ye are!"

Arriving in Dublin, the two friends took private lodgings, and the next day was spent in negotiations with Major Sprainer and his friend: Larry being cautioned to keep quiet, and on no account to betray the confederates by any interview or communication with the beauty of Carrigaline.

The gallant major was too happy to indulge the young Englishman in affording the most complete satisfaction; laughed at any proposition of retracting the reports he had spread abroad; turned into ridicule the excited feelings of the young man and his friend; and, naming a gentleman about his own standing and of kindred tastes, requested that the arrangements should proceed with all the formality usual on such occasions, and with as much despatch as they pleased.

Larry was of course taken into confidence, and doubly delighted at the prospect of punishing the major, not only on Miss Julia's account, but also for the small matter of liberty he had thought proper to take with the young lady of the rosebud countenance, who, from certain circumstances unnecessary to mention, we have reason to think, was far from an object of indifference to the late under-gardener.

It was with the greatest difficulty he could abstain from paying that young person a visit, but the commands of Mr. Henry were potent spells, and it occurred to him that, unless he wished to employ an approved method of advertising, he had better not confide his secret to a woman.

But on the day preceding that arranged for the encounter, a feeling of something like remorse, not to say fear, began to take possession of Larry Lynch's mind. It occurred to him, more than once, that he was not going exactly the right road to befriend a young lady by helping the dearest object of her affections into fighting a duel with a notorious manslayer—a fellow who would rejoice to take his life; and then how was she to be righted in the eyes of the world, and who was to marry

her? And besides it occurred to him, that his conduct in the matter might not be considered as a particularly powerful recommendation to the "ten pound and two shoots;" a consideration of some moment, as, in the fulness of his heroic feelings, he had sacrificed a quarter's wages with his old master. Altogether, he felt sorely perplexed by the dilemma in which he found himself.

"Well, faix, I somehow think I've done meself now," said Larry. "There'll be somebody killed, sorrow doubt of it! and they'll lay the blame to me. It won't much matter which, Sprainer or the young masther, I'll be the one that's brought it round. Sure I know well enough what his lordship will say,—it's aften I heered the like: Gentlemen,' he'll say to the jury, 'I don't wish to bice your verdict—I'm laving ye to judge for yourselves: but if any man ever desarved hanging it's the prisoner at the bar. Ye'll be guided, av coorse, by th' evidence. Maybe ye've read what they say of him in the papers, maybe not, but let that have no hould upon ye. Root all that thrash out ov yer thoughts, as the prisoner would docks and nettles out o' Catlin's garden in his days of innocence; but if

ye *do* bring him in guilty—I say, gintlemen of the jury, if ye *do* bring him in guilty—I've the black cap ready, that's all. Perhaps yc've heard people talk of this case out of doores? let that have no weight wid ye! Cut it down at once, as the wretched man would a head o' sparrowgrass. Keep yer minds, I say, gintlemen, as clear as th' unfortunate criminal did his favorite flower-bed. I'll jist go over th' evidence, and ye shall judge for yourselves. Ye see the thing was all brought about by the prisoner. If he hadn't shewed the letter to Mr. Farnham, he'd never have come to Dublin—never met the major; and if he hadn't met the major, gintlemen, I'd like to know how the major could have been afther shooting him? Answer me this, gintlemen! But ye must judge for yerselves; don't think I'm lading of ye, gintlemen; I'm merely recaptulating th' evidence. Wasn't it the prisoner that tuck places for them in the mail? Why would he do that same if he wasn't conthriving the murther beforehand? Didn't he lave a good place and give up a quarther's wages? Suspicious circumstances, gintlemen, for a poor man. What would he do that for if he warn't conthriving the murtherous meeting? Hadn't

he got the poor young man like a pig in a string, and was lading him, and pushing him, and shouldering him an to the slaughter? It's thru for ye he didn't put the knife into him, or the ball into him, but what's that to do wid it? Wasn't he th' agent and the driver that brought him to them as did? Wasn't it the prisoner that carried the notes to and agin betune the parties? Didn't he clane the pistols? Now, gintlemen, let me draw your attintion to this part of the evidence—haven't we it stated on the solemn oath of a credible witness—one of the highest carracter—haven't we it stated on the solemn oath of this one, that the prisoner cast the balls? with one of which, gintlemen, the poor young crathur was slaughtered. Didn't he cut the wadding, and dhry the powther, and fix the flints, and hire the car, and put the pistols into it, and stand by and see it done? Gintlemen of the jury, some people might say them's all murtherous intintions, but I repeat to ye, I don't wish to bice your verdict in any way at all; but I ony say, if the prisoner escapes hanging there's no justice in Ireland.'"

It was arranged by the seconds that the meeting should take place in the Phœnix

Park, half an hour after sunrise, and the repentant Larry Lynch was directed to have a car in waiting, and take care that all the necessary arrangements were made. Long before daylight Larry was on foot, and seemed to have slept off his apprehensions: a favourable change had come o'er the spirit of his dream, and he appeared bent on carrying out the preparations for some merry-making rather than to have in hand the contriving of a mortal combat. Happy thoughts seemed even to occur to him as he bustled about and made the coffee, and slapping his thigh, he exclaimed repeatedly,—"That will do! Why wouldn't I? I'm clane shaved. Afther all, it's the fit out, and the cut of the brogues, and the hodycoloony as does it!"

Above all, he took care that the master and his friend should be called in ample time, and a comfortable breakfast prepared for them. He had also the pistols and greatcoats, with comforters, shawls, and warm gloves nicely arranged on the hall table: hats were scrupulously brushed, and boots attentively polished, for the grand occasion. In fact, it seemed to be Larry's object to crowd as many comforts and attentions as possible into the small rem-

nant of his master's life, and to facilitate in every way his arrival at the final scene. But, however well meant may be such acts of officious kindness, they are somewhat grating to one's self-love; like the thoughtful attention of some fussy member of the family on the last day of a schoolboy's holidays: "Now, my dear, you know I don't wish to hurry you, but you had better finish your breakfast, the coach will be here directly!"

When Larry had the two gentlemen seated at breakfast with every comfort that his forethought had suggested, he seemed to derive the most intense satisfaction, and requesting his master to lend his watch that he might be sure of having the car at the door at the precise moment agreed upon, requested the friends to stay where they were, and to have no fear of his forgetting to call them in time. Having received the watch, and a tacit acquiescence in his plans, he withdrew from the room, and on doing so, carefully and very quietly locked the door behind him.

After looking through the keyhole to assure himself that he was not suspected, Larry hurried into an adjoining apartment, and began in the utmost haste to throw off all his clothes,

and then as hastily to dress himself in those of his master, which had been previously laid out in readiness. But never was the old proverb more fully verified than in this hasty toilet of Larry Lynch. First he put on the trousers, forgetting that the straps were sewn on, and they must be preceded by the boots—and these, indeed, were his great difficulty. How he was to get a pair of full-sized Munster feet, encased in thick worsted stockings, into a delicate pair of Gilbert's dress-boots, little more than half their size, was a problem. He began the attempt in stockings, but tore them passionately off seeing the utter impossibility of the thing, and made an attempt with the naked limb, which was almost as fruitless; but he tugged, and swore, and stamped, and sweated; carried away first one strap, then the other—hurled down each boot in succession, and paused a moment. Suddenly a thought struck him; rushing into the kitchen, he seized a large piece of butter, and after holding it for a moment at the fire, proceeded to smear and plaster the whole of one foot and ankle with the half-melted mass, and seizing upon the boot which still retained its straps, contrived to force, after many desperate efforts, his right

foot into his left boot. But it was too late to remedy it; to get off that boot would have been, if possible, more difficult than putting it on; so plastering the other foot with more butter, and cutting holes in the sides to pull it by, he contrived to lodge the other foot, and wiping the sweat from his brow with his black and greasy hands, considered what was next to be done. Then came the trousers—and here a difficulty occurred almost as inconvenient as that of the boots. They were of the French fashion of the day, and extending in a gaiter-shape to the toe; and Larry having a leg very much shorter than his master's, the misfit was, if possible, more apparent (to others at least) than in the boots. In vain he hauled up the suspenders to the top hole—took them off and tied knots in them—braced away again with scarcely any diminution in the enormous slack of the legs, though he hauled them painfully up to the armpits. He somewhat resembled the American dog, whose tail was curled so tightly over his back that he could not put his hind legs to the ground.

"Curse the throwsers, and the boots too!" said Larry; "how would I know I'd have all this work with them? Bad luck to me, but

they'll find that they're locked in before I'm half dressed. I'm destroyed intirely with the boots. Sorrow fut I'll be able to walk in them at all, bad luck to th' English spalpeen that made them! And the high heels do be forcing and jamming me toes till I'm like standing upon tiptoe in a taycup! But, any how, this is a grate waistcoat—purple velvet with goold spots; and the black and blue satin scarf—them's a fit; and the blue dress-coat with goold buttons and the crest an'em—that's a hoont-coat. Faith, I'd desave Bess Mullally herself now. Now the pin, and the goold chain round my neck; now I've ony the hat and gloves ——"

But Larry was destined to meet with difficulty even here, for the Paris kids conld be by no means persuaded to accommodate themselves to his well-buttered black hands; and neither coaxing nor force sufficed to insinuate his bullet-head in the short-napped beaver; so it sat insecurely perched on the top of his carrotty pole.

The rumble of the approaching car was just heard as Larry put the finishing touch to his toilet, so emptying the whole bottle of scent over his head and breast, he hobbled into the

street as well as the boots would permit him, with the pistol-case under his arm, his finger-ends just stuck into the gloves, the whole tops of which had been torn away, and hung like bracelets round his wrists.

In leaving the house Larry listened for a moment, and finding all was safe, quietly locked the street door and stuck into his waist-coat pocket the huge house-key; the ring outside looking like a gigantic eye-glass. Telling the carman to drive softly for a certain distance, he then urged him onwards towards the Park at the top of the horse's speed.

The place of meeting had been very carefully selected: it was in a retired spot amongst the trees, on the city side of the Fifteen Acres, and well pointed out by certain marks which Larry remembered.

Leaving the car at some distance from the spot, our overdressed hero took the pistol-case with him and limped through the wet grass towards the place of meeting. It happened to be a high wind, and Larry's hat seemed to be possessed with a strong desire to get back to Dublin. After two or three painful runs in pursuit, he formed a resolution to set that matter at rest; so putting down the pistols he

joined both his hands over the crown of the fugitive castor, and squeezed down the yielding material till it came nearly flat upon his head, like those portable folding beavers that are made to pack into a trunk. But even this did not succeed; so taking his knife he cut a long gash in the back of the hat, and then crammed it on down to his eyebrows.

Larry was first on the ground, and had time to make his little arrangements before the enemy came up. He opened the pistol-case, laid out the powder-flask, caps, and patches, in order, and placed on the ground a bag containing about two pounds of balls, as if he was come to pass some hours in pistol practice. "Anyhow," said Larry, "we won't be short of matarials."

Major Sprainer and his friend were punctual to the time, but paused when they came up, and regarded the extraordinary figure before them, shifting himself restlessly from one foot to the other, as if the ground was too hot for him. Neither had seen Mr. Farnham, but it was impossible to conceive that the grotesque object before them was he: still it was clear that he was waiting to fight somebody, and had, perhaps, accidentally taken

possession of their ground. They looked at each other with surprise.

"Morrow kindly to yees, gintlemen," said Larry, when they came up. "Ye'r rather afther yer time: but no matther, we'll soon make up for it. I'm waiting for Major Sprainer, and my name's Farnham. I've t' apologize to ye for th' other gintleman, my frind, but he's tuk sick, and can't come this time; so I wouldn't put it aff till I looked for another, so let's begin if ye plaze."

"I thought," said Major Sprainer to his second, "that the gentleman we expected to meet was an Englishman?"

"Well, blood an' ouns," said Larry, "what do ye take me for? sure I'm an Englishman every bit ov me, to the back-bone, ony you'r so much used to your own dirty brogue that ye can't apprayciate th' illigance of me furrin discoorse. Not but what it's thrue for yees that I have the slightest taste in life of th' accent, which I tuk in my timpory risidince in Cork; but barrin that, I think ye might see that I'm not raised in this dirty country at all. Sure, ye ought to know a Stooltz coat and throwsers, let alone a Paris hat and London boots (the divle resave the man that made

'em!) from any ye'd see in this blackguard counthry."

"Well, sir," said Major Sprainer, after a rather long pause, "I must take the liberty to observe that ye'r a singular specimen of an English gentleman; but I'm pledged to meet ye, such as ye are, and I suppose as ye say yer name's Farnham, and ye come to meet me, there's no mistake—anyhow, there *shall* be no mistake; we'll wave the trifle of having but one witness: so load the pistols, O'Donnel, and let's go to work."

Though Mr. O'Donnel protested against the irregularity of the proceeding, he was overruled by the major, who insisted upon going through with it even without a second at all, and said "he would load the pistols himself, rather than be disappointed."

"It's thrue for ye, major a-vick," said Larry; "sure it's aisy to put in the powther and ball —every man his bird—and up to the muzzle, if ye like; and when th' ammunition's done, sure we'll finish with the butts."

There was, however, no occasion for further irregularity; Mr. O'Donnel was persuaded, at last, to load and hand a pistol to each, having previously stepped the ground, and when he

dropped his handkerchief, the instant the cambric reached the ground, they were to fire.

The pistols went off at the same instant of time; Major Sprainer stood erect after the discharge, but poor Larry, staggering back a few paces, fell heavily to the ground.

"You've killed him, major," said O'Donnel, quietly; "you had better go; get on the car and away with ye. It's a bad job with only one second. I'll just see to him for a minute, and cut across to Island Bridge after ye, myself."

But the major stirred not. He remained precisely in the position he first took up, looking grimly to his front towards the fallen man.

"For God's sake make off with ye!" said O'Donnel, pausing to look at him as he was about to kneel beside poor Larry. "What's the matter that ye don't go?"

But the major uttered not a word.

"Hollo!" said O'Donnel, running towards him; "what's that on your trousers? You're wounded!"

It was true: Larry's ball had taken effect in the major's groin, and the blood was flowing rapidly down the front of his dark trousers; and when his second attempted to move

him, he uttered a deep groan and fell flat upon his back.

At this moment, Henry Farnham and his friend came up. Their first care was to see to poor Larry, who began suddenly to shew signs of animation, and opened his eyes lively enough for a dying man. He seemed somewhat confused at first, and rather puzzled to point out his wound; but gradually raising himself to a sitting posture, he put his hand to his waistcoat-pocket and drew forth the key of the house-door, with a flat piece of lead sticking to the wards—no doubt the major's bullet, so benevolently aimed, and thus providentially arrested in its progress towards Larry's body by the stout piece of iron in his waistcoat-pocket.

When it was discovered that Larry was unhurt, or only bruised by the hard knock at his ribs, they exhorted him to run for medical assistance for the major, who lay like a dead man upon the grass.

"Is it run, when I can't stand?" said Larry. "But faith, here's a knife in the gun-case: it's soon I'll relave myself of 'em."

So saying he cut at once through the trouser-straps, regardless of the owner's presence,

and then running the knife down the side of each boot along the seams, he quickly relieved himself of those fashionable incumbrances, and made off at full speed towards the town. Being, however, still impeded by the length of his trousers, he stopped in his career, and slicing off about a foot from the bottom of each leg, continued at a desperate pace towards Barrack Street, exhibiting to the early risen the extraordinary spectacle of a man dressed in the extreme of fashion running barefooted through the town, his trousers cut off at the calves, and calling aloud for a doctor.

The reader, according to his habits and temperament, will rejoice or otherwise at Major Sprainer's misfortune. The wound was not mortal, but sufficiently severe to make him lame for life; and, what was still more galling, to affix upon him a lasting ridicule for the manner of his acquiring the hurt.

As for the meeting of Henry Farnham and Julia Catlin, it must, as pathetic writers would say, "be seen to be believed." Neither must our pen, unfamiliar with such scenes, venture upon the delicate ground of Larry's first interview with the rose of Carrigaline. We may, however, mention that the rose-bud riband

was purchased; and so far was it from killing, as was anticipated, the natural colour, that an opinion pretty generally prevailed that the riband had the worst of it in the comparison.

As for Larry, he awoke and found himself famous; he was exalted into a hero; and it is our opinion that, in these piping times of peace, it would be no easy matter to find any one more deserving of the name.

POTATOES.

THERE is no kind of food, however savoury or delicious, which an Irish peasant will choose in preference to plain boiled potatoes. This is a "great fact" in taste. No doubt he might be brought in time to munch without making faces a "*Sauté de filets de Volaille à l'Ambassadrice*," or even to get through without wincing "*le Buisson d'Ecrevisses pagodatique, au vin de Champagne à la Sampayo*," but at the first offer he will prefer the potatoes. Shade of Charles Lamb! will you believe that the delicate flesh of a young roasting pig is among their antipathies? No wonder, then, that a marine delicacy of mine own cooking should have been rejected.

Sailing in a little yacht on the south-eastern coast of Ireland, and having with me a young

fisherman from Youghal, a sudden north-west gale arose and blew us off the coast. For some hours it was impossible to carry sail at all, so violent were the squalls that came off that iron-bound coast; and there seemed every probability of our bringing up somewhere on the Welsh coast should the gale continue, and our boat weather the short, heavy seas, which rose higher and more dangerous as we left the land. Fortunately towards evening the wind lulled, and we were able, under a close-reefed mainsail, to stagger back towards the coast, shaping our course with many weary tacks for Ardmore Bay, at the rocky, southern side of which we arrived in thick darkness, the black outline of the cliffs being only recognised against the equally black sky by their immovable position amongst the driving clouds. Relying upon the conning of the trusty Mike, we stood into the bay, and finally dropped anchor abreast of the village and under shelter of the cliffs. Of food we had a lump of hard mouldy bread, left forgotten from some former trip; but there was a keg of fresh water, a cooking apparatus, and good store of sea-birds killed before the gale came on.

To make a fire, skin and prepare the birds

for stewing, we busily addressed ourselves. And let not the fastidious reader imagine that such a mess is a mere unpalatable make-shift: sea-birds produce a rich and savoury soup, little, if at all, inferior to hare soup, especially if after skinning they are allowed to soak for some hours in cold water.

Each time that the lid of our kettle was removed arose a more grateful fragrance from the simmering fluid, till about midnight a supper was ready that an alderman might not have disdained, let alone two hungry men fasting since an early breakfast, and who had been working hard in the wet for nine or ten hours. As president of the mess, I made an equitable division of the fare, and handing Michael his portion, fell furiously upon the Guillemot soup. Any thing more exquisite to my taste on that occasion I never encountered, but behold! the trusty Mike stirred not, neither did he lift up his spoon. He would not touch it!

"Faith, I never see any one ate them things at all!"

"But you have nothing else, man, except that mouldy crust!"

"Faith, I wouldn't ate it at all!"

"Is it fast day?"

"No!"

"Come, nonsense! try a puffin — or this cormorant you'll find exceedingly juicy and tender. No? Perhaps you are not hungry?"

"Faith, it's meself that is, then. Sorrow bit I had to-day!"

"Would you like a kettle-full of Connaught lumpers well boiled?"

"Be my sowl I would!!" (With much energy.)

"Suffering from the heat with their coats unbuttoned?"

"Just so!"

"But as you haven't got the praties, try a bit of willock?"

"Ogh! I wouldn't taste it at all! I'd be sick!"

So he munched in preference the mouldy bread. But I have to record another peculiarity in the trusty Michael's taste.

The next morning a boat came off and took us ashore, and we steered at once for the best cabin in the place (bad enough though it was), but bearing on the white-washed wall the encouraging hieroglyphic of a bottle and glass, and above the doorway this inscription, con-

trived ingeniously to fit the space, and reading somewhat like a rude rhyme:—

> BEAMISH and CRAWFORD'S PO
> RTER Licensed for SPIRITS and to
> BACCO.

Here the Saxon called for eggs and bacon—it is unnecessary to mention the order of the Celt. But the bacon was not to be procured in the village, and a boy despatched to a house "convanient," did not return till the Celtic breakfast was heaped upon the board. In vain did the Saxon call upon him to stop—to pause—not to throw away so glorious an appetite upon a peck of tubers—at least to keep a corner for the bacon. But Mike was mounted on an irresistible hobby, and, like the Lady Baussière, he "rode on."

"Well, hold hard before you go into your second peck—see, here's a rasher ready!"

"No!"

"What! you don't like bacon?"

"Faith, I dunnow!"

"Not know if you like bacon?"

"Sure, I never tasted the like!"

He had never tasted bacon! He, an Irishman, of the age of twenty—who had been brought up with pigs from earliest infancy—

whose ears, probably, received a grunt before all other sounds—whose infant head had been pillowed upon living chitterlings, and whose earliest plaything was souse—who had bestridden chines and griskins before he could walk, and toddled through boyhood with pettitoes—nay, who could not at the present hour, when at home, put forth hand or foot without touching ham or flitch;—and yet he had never tasted bacon! nor wished to taste it!!

Poor creatures! no wonder we can do nothing for them. What hope is there for a man who, half starved, will yet dine upon a boiled potatoe—nay, go without even that rather than try a new dish?—who will sell a young pig weighing ten pounds for ten pence to lay out in potatoes, in preference to eating the pig?

The universal example of the higher ranks throughout Ireland has gone to diffuse a love of sporting and a hatred of work. The younger brother will drag on his shabby life at the family domain, rather than make an effort to be independent by means of a profession; and as for a trade, he would call out the man who suggested such a degradation. The shopkeeper, as much as he can, shuffles out of the business and leaves it to his wife, while he is

either indulging his half-tipsy grandeur in the back parlour, or out with the hounds. The farmer, even in harvest-time, will leave the loaded car—throw aside the business of the day—to follow the "hoont," if the hounds come in the neighbourhood. Even a shooting sportsman is sufficient to attract them: they follow the example set them by their betters, and have had no other.

Of course they will attend monster meetings, and listen with delight to an orator who addresses them as the finest peasantry in the world, condemned by Saxon misrule to hereditary bondage; who calls their country

"The first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea;"

who offers to procure them, on the easiest conditions, "JUSTICE FOR IRELAND"—a phrase which, in the minds of the audience, means what each most desires—a good farm, easy rents, dear selling and cheap buying—and all to be had by repeal! Then "Hurrah for Repeal!" of course. How can they refuse to go heart and hand with a gentleman who promises all this—cracks his joke with a jolly, good-humoured face—praises Irish beauty and boasts of the power of Irish limbs—irresistible

in cajolery and matchless in abuse—never confuted, or even questioned, except by some "Gutter Commissioner," who, if he was not kicked out of the country, deserved to be?

I am far from presuming to suggest a remedy for Irish disorders; but I am convinced that a stronger power than that afforded by our present laws is required in so desperate a case. To wait till the age of reason dawns upon a people, whose besotted ignorance is such that you cannot make them understand what is best for them, or that you are trying to benefit them, is hopeless; who have a native cunning and aptitude to defeat your schemes; who have no sense of independence or shame of beggary; and (which is the worst feature in the case), they are upheld in their opposition to all improvement by those in whom all their confidence is placed, who teach them that England is their great and grinding oppressor, from whom spring all their wrongs and all their misery. This is rung in their ears by all whom they are taught to look up to; their journalists, their poets, their patriots, their priests, have all the same cry,—

"On our side is virtue and Erin—
On their's is the Saxon and guilt."

This is the never-ending burden of all the speeches and all the writings addressed to the Irish people. It is in vain you feed and clothe them—pay them to make their own roads—drain their own bogs—nay, sow their own land. It is quite sufficient to render the boon distrusted when it is associated with "the Saxon and guilt!" But still the lesson is, Get all you can—take every advantage—still cry for more—hate the giver, but take the gift—"cram and blaspheme your feeder!"

Education may do something; but when you have taught them to read, *will they be allowed to read?* Did any body ever see an Irish peasant reading in his cabin? and yet education is very general. The great difficulty is to teach them to think. This once attained, they will gradually shake off their "old men of the sea."

In the mean time, our law-tinkers may meddle with their system of tenure, their poor, and their relation of landlord and tenant—for it will be hard to put them into any position more deplorable than that in which they are now.

IRISH HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

ANTIQUITY OF IRISH ORIGIN—THEIR THREE KINGS AT THE CONQUEST—ST. PATRICK—BREHON LAW—PAYING—ERIC—MONSTER MEETINGS—"IRELAND AND THE IRISH"—TROOPS—O'CONNELL'S QUOTATIONS—1641—STATE OF THE COUNTRY IN THE 16TH CENTURY—LAWYERS AND CLERGY—IRISH INNOCENCE—ENGLISH CRIMES—IRISH MERCY AND LOVE OF JUSTICE—DESPAIR OF AUTHORS.

THE Irish have a commendable pride in tracing their history up to a very remote antiquity; and in this respect are, perhaps, second only to the Welsh. Mr. Moore, indeed, has the modesty to commence his book at only a thousand years before Christ; but as great men were living long prior to that era, whose lives and times may not be familiar to the general reader, I will take the liberty of introducing him to such as strike me to be the most remarkable: and conclude this little book with such bits, taken here and there from the old

chronicles, as I may think illustrative of the national character and manners at various periods, and likely to afford amusement to such kind readers as have gone with me so far. And I will anticipate the cavils of such as may complain that this touch-and-go system is unworthy of the gravity of history, by reminding them that this is a book of "Scraps and Sketches," without form or method, and written for *Jean qui rit*, not *Jean qui pleure*.

In carrying out this design, I must endeavour to touch as little as may be upon sore places; for though history may be falsified to blacken the English character, the truth must be kept back if it tell against the Irish.

"It is the nature of the Irishman," says Holinshed, "that albeit he keepeth faith for the most part with no bodie, yet will he have no man to break with him."

It is considered quite fair to talk of the "bloody Saxon," but not a word of Irish midday murders and midnight burnings. The ladies of England are, to a woman, no better than they should be; but no "Times Commissioner" shall dare to criticise even a feature here. English landlords and English companies, however prosperous their tenantry may be, are

grasping and grinding if you please, but not a word of Cahirciveen! and touch Derrynane Beg if you dare! We were a great and glorious nation till we fell under Saxon misrule. You may believe those who tell you that we held synods, and sent forth learned men; but not that our people were sunk in utter barbarism, and only bent upon cutting each other's throats. You may say that our kings built monasteries, but not of mud; that they lived in palaces, but not with dunghills at the doors; that they were brave and warlike, but not that they bit off their enemies' noses, or rooted out their brother's eyes; and, whether we can prove it or not, you *shall* say that our ancestors wore breeches as well as bracelets.

The first great attempt to colonise Ireland—for I hold all previous accounts to be fabulous, was made by Noah's niece, "one Cesara, (or Cesarea, for they are very particular), who, when others neglected her uncle's warning of the coming deluge, 'rigged a navy,' committing herself, with her adherents, to the seas, to seek adventures and to avoid the plagues that were to fall. There arrived in Ireland with her, three men—Bithi, Laigria, and Fintan, and fifty women."

Considering the sex of the person who planned this expedition, the company seems an ill-chosen one; and there is, besides, a shadow of scandal cast upon the commodore, which we hope is the translator's doing: they are, however, unfortunately caught in the flood within forty days of their arrival, and all drowned but Fintan, who was transformed into a salmon and "swoome all the time of the deluge about Ulster, and after the fall of the water recovering his former shape, lived longer than Adam, and delivered strange things to the posterity, so that of him the common speech riseth, 'If I had lived Fintan's yeeres, I could say much.'"*

From this submarine historian we come to the "Plantation of Bartholanus," one of the giants, who kept possession of the land from "2333 for many yeares, without foreign invasion."

But even in those days there was a cry of "misrule."

"They began," says Campion, "to kicke at their governours," "and in all that space their mindes not being set upon any goodnesse, but

* Hanmer, p. 5.

altogether upon mischiefe, they made no good lawes, framed no commonwealth, they obeyed no magistrate, but fell at variance amongst themselves, measuring things by might [no wonder], and seditiously vexed each other."

It is, therefore, from these turbulent giants that we must trace much of the hot blood of their descendants. One of them, Ruanus, the personal friend of St. Patrick, deserves some mention.

"He, from time to time, kept true record of their histories, else utterly done away by sundrie casualties of death, warre, spoile, fire, foreigne victories, and he (forsooth) continued till the yeere of Christ 430, and told St. Patrick all the newes of the country, requiring of him to be baptized, and so died, when he had lived no more but two thousand and forty-one yeares."*

A stupendous newsmonger, indeed! and fortunate, when having the gossip of twenty centuries to relate, in finding a listener with the patience of a saint. We may sympathise with Campion in the regret that this chatty giant did not live a few thousand years longer.

"Had it beene my chaunce," says he, "in

* Campion's "History of Ireland," p. 34.

Ireland to meete and conferre with this noble Antiquarie, hee might have eased me of much trouble."

One more notice of him. He had taken refuge in a cave to avoid a pestilence caused by the stench of dead giants, and from whence he was driven by hunger. This is the way in which he seeks a change of air:—

"So hungry was hee, that every thing was meate that came to his mouth—hee, covering his face with mosse and grasse, fled to the furthest parts of the land into the winde to avoid the infection, and so, having taken advantage of the ayre, escaped death."*

The spectacle of a giant at his time of life "flying into the winde" with a respirator of moss and grass, must have been a remarkable sight.

"In the necke of these troubles came over a new army, under Roderick, a Red-shank of Scythia; . . . . a people from their cradle dissentious; landleapers, mercilesse, soure, and hardy." "The Britains also put in a foot; then the Egyptians, the Picts; and lastly came the Spaniards and the Milesian kings. Of a

* Hanmer's "History of Ireland," p. 4.

hundred and seventy-one of these illustrious monarchs, only forty-one died natural deaths; Arthur the Melancholy having given the Welsh the unnecessary trouble of putting him to death.

These were the days of Ireland's ancient grandeur, though an "alien" might find it difficult to reconcile its flourishing state with such perpetual throat-cutting. Mr. Moore even acknowledges the difficulty.

"Nor can any one," says he, "who follows the dark and turbid course of our ancient history . . . . suppose, for an instant, that any high degree of general civilisation could coexist with habits and practices so utterly subversive of all the elements of civilised life."

But, notwithstanding, we subsequently come to such a lament as this, on occasion of their being about to relinquish their ancient glories, and fall under Saxon "misrule:"—

"How melancholy was the pride of this now doomed people in thus calling up around them the forms and recollections of ancient grandeur, at the very moment when even their existence, as an independent nation, was about to be extinguished for ever!"*

* Moore, vol. ii. p. 198.

Let us see the sort of government they exchanged for "Saxon misrule."

"The three last contemporary monarchs of Ireland were Murtagh O'Loughlin, king of Ulster; Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught; and Dermot Mac Morough, king of Leinster. Of the first it is recorded, that having treacherously seized upon another king (Eachad) and put out his eyes, having previously sworn friendship to him on the crozier of St. Patrick, and committed other enormities, an army is sent against him, and he is defeated and killed. He was," says Mr. Moore, "a munificent friend to the church."

Roderick O'Connor the second, having been kept in chains for a year by his father to curb his wild ways, no sooner took possession of the throne of Connaught than he caused the eyes of his two brothers to be put out; and "combining with this ferocity a total want of the chivalrous spirit which alone adds grace to mere valour," he causes a chieftain to be loaded with fetters, and kills him with his own hand.

"But Dermot Mac Morough, king of Leinster, is the most important personage of these three kings, as having invited the English when he had been driven from his kingdom by O'Ruarc, whose wife he had carried away. In

the year 1140, he had treacherously seized seventeen of the principal nobles of Leinster, some of whom he put to death, and plucked out the eyes of the rest. He also was a munificent friend to the church, and founder of several religious houses."*

The most graphic scene in the history of this monarch is on occasion of a victory in Ossory, where he is accompanied by his English allies, by whose onset of cavalry the enemy were overpowered and beaten down.

"The native infantry of the king then rushing upon them with their long battleaxes, cut off their heads. After the battle, 300 of these heads were laid, as a trophy, at the feet of Dermot; who, turning them over, leaped with delight as he recognised the different faces; and then, holding up his hands, shouted aloud thanksgiving to God. It is likewise added, though hardly to be credited, that perceiving in the midst of this frightful heap the head of a man whom alive he had mortally hated, the barbarian seized it by both ears, and lifting it to his mouth, ferociously bit off the nose and lips."†

* Moore's "History of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 202.

† Ibid. p. 217.

Any one who has witnessed an Irish faction-fight, will have this scene vividly before him. He will see the excited monarch flourishing his weapon aloft, and giving vent to his passion in a mad-stamping caper. He will fancy the "whoop!" and the "hoorroo!" and the savage darting at the prostrate victim. He has only to go to an Irish fair to see something very like this scene at the present day.

"'Tis from high life high characters are drawn."

If such were the Irish kings, what must have been the common people? These were the kings they exchanged for Henry II.

Some advantages they certainly had under a change of masters; their eyes would not be rooted out, neither would the English monarchs (except metaphorically) snap off their noses.

We hear much of the palaces of Tara and Emania—"the halls of our ancestors;" and this is Sir William Petty's opinion of them:—

"There is at this day [17th century] no monument or real argument that, when the Irish were first invaded, they had any stone housing at all; any money, any foreign trade; nor any learning but the legends of the saints, psalters, missals, rituals; nor geometry, astro-

nomy, anatomy, architecture, engineery, painting, carving; nor any kind of manufacture, nor the least use of navigation, or the art military."*

This last, considering their constant practice, is the most unaccountable deficiency.

Let us take a picture of the "bloody Saxon," who came to oppress these Irish innocents, Fitz Stephen, having with him for an army to conquer all Ireland, "30 knights, 60 men in coats of mail, and 300 of the most skilful archers of South Wales."

"The townsmen (of Wexford), a fierce and wilfull people (to the number of 2000), sally forth with full purpose to give them battaile in the field; but when they heard the trumpets sound, the horses neighing, and beheld their glittering armes, the rattling of their furniture, horse and men in complete armes, and all most comely in battaile array (the like of them not formerly seene, neither heard of); they alter their mindes, they retire into the town: they make fast their gates, and fire the suburbs."†

* Sir William Petty's "Rebellion in Ireland," p. 26.

† Hanmer, vol. ii. p. 226.

Mr. Moore does ample justice to the knightly bearing of the chiefs who conducted this famous invasion, and the immense superiority of the troops it is unnecessary to notice.

The famous palaces of Tara and Emania are acknowledged to have been built of wood. Ware tells us that, when Roderick O'Connor built a stone house at Tuam in 1161, "it was a thing so new and uncommon, that it became famous among the Irish at that time, by the name of "the Wonderful Castle."*

The residences of their chiefs had the dunghills at their doors, as the cabins have now; and were, Mr. Moore says, "constructed of earth and hurdles." Their "cities were of mud and thatch." Even so late as the 16th century the houses in Dublin were thatched; as we find that Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, in attacking the castle of Dublin, was forced to retire by the thatched houses in Ship Street taking fire; and the churches built by St. Patrick were of wattles and mud.

People of strange contradictions! While their princes were breechless, and lived with dunghills at their doors, they wore necklaces

* "Antiquities of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 181.

of gold, and kept a family harper. St. Patrick drove up to his mud edifice in his own chariot. Kings who rooted out eyes, bit off noses, slaughtered, burnt, ravished, and perjured themselves, founded monasteries, and were munificent friends to the church; and while the people were wallowing in every moral and physical filth, their learned men were corresponding with Charlemagne about the solar eclipse!

It is noticed as a remarkable circumstance, that St. Patrick's coachman is the only martyr on record who, in "the course of this peaceful crusade in Ireland, fell a victim by the hands of an Irishman." This he did to save his master's life. Hearing of a conspiracy to waylay them on a journey, the honest fellow persuaded the saint to take the ribands, while he occupied his master's place, and so fell a sacrifice to the murderers.

Much obloquy is cast upon the English government for not having introduced the English law into Ireland; and Sir John Davies, attorney-general in Ireland to James I., is quoted to prove that the people desired it. But, however they may have done so, the chiefs opposed it, as finding the old Irish law

more profitable. They had a direct interest in encouraging murder and theft, as they shared with the judge and the friends of the murdered man the fine levied on the murderer: and the same in all other cases of felony. Under such circumstances, it was not likely that a prisoner would be acquitted. By the Brehon law, "murder, manslaughter, rape, and robbery," were punished by a fine, which was adjudged by the Lord Brehon, "who adjudgeth, for the most part, a better share unto his (the murderer's) lord; that is, the lord of the soyle, or the head of that septe, and also unto himself, for his judgement, a greater portion than unto the plaintiffes or parties grieved."*

No wonder they encouraged such profitable crimes, and were opposed to the introduction of laws which would have diminished their revenues.

This was their simple court of justice.

"The Breighoon (so they call this kind of lawyer) sitteth him down on a banke, the lords and gentlemen at variance round about him, and then they proceed."†

* Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland," p. 7.

† Campion's "History of Ireland," p. 26.

These sittings *in banco* had two decided advantages: they were not likely to be very protracted in a moist climate; and they had only one lawyer in the court. This is the kind of justice they had under the Brehon law. "Inferior persons could have no right against the lord of the cuntre, for the judge wolde give no judgement against the lord of the cuntre, but by his awne assent.*

Juries and witnesses, it appears, were not more to be relied upon 300 years ago than now.

"*Eudoxus.*— But doth many of that people (say you) make no more conscience to perjure themselves in their verdicts, and damne their soules?

"*Irenæus.*— Not only in their verdicts, but also in all other their dealings, especially with the English, they are most wilfully bent: for though they will not seeme manifestly to doe it, yet will some one or other subtle-headed fellow amongst them put some quirke or devise, some evasion whereof the rest will likely take hold and suffer themselves to be led by him to that themselves desired . . . you would

* Cusacke to the Council in England. State Papers, 347.

wonder whence they borrow such subtiltyes and slye shiftes."*

They have, unfortunately, never been without these "subtle-headed fellows," and we continue daily to wonder at their "slye shiftes." An Irish judge once tried to expose them, but, as it seems, with little effect.

"Modain M'Tolbain, a judge under Constantine Centimachus, king of Ireland (A. D. 177), wrote a book of Laws called 'Maillbreatha; or, a Collection of Judgments for discovering the Arts of designing Men, who usually set Traps to deceive the ignorant and unwary.'"*

It is much to be wished that one of our spirited publishers would bring out an edition of this at the present crisis.

The price put upon every man's head was called his "erick;" it was his calculated value, to be paid by his murderer to his relations (shared by the chief and the lawyer—the latter, according to Ware, getting the eleventh part), and was probably in many cases the most valuable of his assets. It was

* Spenser's "State of Ireland," p. 35.

† Ware's "History of the Writers of Ireland," p. 2.

a sum of money assured to every one on dying a violent death, and differing from such transactions at the present day in requiring no annual premium. By whom a man's erick was calculated does not appear; but if every one assured himself according to his own estimation, we may in most cases pity the poor murderer who had to pay upon the policy. Some remnant of this custom may be traced to the alleged fact, that still in Ireland every man has his price.

It appears that when the individual murderer could not be discovered, they came upon the county for the payment of the erick.

"When Sir Williams Fitzwilliams (being lord-deputy) told Maguyre that he was to send a sheriffe into Fermanagh, 'Your sheriffe (said Maguyre) shall be welcome to me, but let me know his *ericke* (or the price of his head) aforehand; that if my people cut it off, I may put the ericke upon the country.'"*

They had their monster meetings formerly as now.

"There is a great use among the Irish to make great assemblies together upon a rath,

* Sir J. Davies's "Historical Tracts," p. 135.

or hill, there to parlie (as they say) about matters and wrongs betweene township and township, or one private person and another. But well I wot that in their meetings many mischiefes have beene practised and wrought; for to them doe commonlie resort all the scumme of the people, where they may meete and confer of what they list. . . . besides, at these meetings, I have knowne divers times that many Englishmen and good Irish subjects have been villanously murdered by moving one quarrell or another against them. For the Irish never cometh to these raths but armed, whether on horse or foot; while the English, suspecting nothing, are then commonly taken at advantage like sheepe in the peinfolde."*

By Mr. O'Connell's account, all this was entirely the other way. In his veracious history, which, as every body has read, of course, it may be unnecessary to mention the title of, the benevolent object of the work is thus stated:—

"I am very desirous to have it unequivocally understood (says the author, p. 46), that one great object of mine is to involve the

* Spenser's "State of Ireland," p. 127.

people of England in much—in very much of the guilt of their government. If the English people were not influenced by a bigotry, violent as it is unjust, against the Catholic religion on the one hand, and a strong national antipathy against the Irish people on the other, the government could not have so long persevered in its course of injustice and oppression. The bad passions of the English people, which gave an evil strength to the English government for the oppression of the Irish, still subsist, little diminished and less mitigated."

The best comment upon this will, perhaps, be found in the Reports of the Relief Committees, and one item in the Civil List. For Irish gratitude, we may consult the speeches in Conciliation Hall, the speeches and writings of some of the "Sweet doves of Repeal," and the invoices of provincial gun-smiths. But, in this history, the author has quoted too shortly from his authorities, omitting passages which bear upon his subject: as, for instance, he cites this character of the Irish from Holinshed's "Chronicles:"—

"The people are thus inclined; religious, frank, amorous, sufferable of infinite paines, verie glorious, manie sorcerers, excellent horse-

men, delighted with wars, great alms-givers, passing in hospitalitie," &c.*

The "manie sorcerers" probably referred to the political charlatans of those days. Further on he might have discovered a less favourable account:—

"And here you may see the nature and disposition of this wicked, effrenated, barbarous, and vnfaithfull nation, who (as Cambrensis writeth of them) are a wicked and perverse generation, constant alwaies in that they be alwaies inconstant, faithfull in that they be alwaies unfaithfull, and trustie in that they be alwaies treacherous and vntrustie. They doo nothing but imagine mischeefe, and have no delite in anie good thing. They are alwaies working wickednes against the good and such as be quiet in the land. Their mouths are full of vnrighteousnesse, and their toongs speak nothing but cursednesse. Their feet swift to shed blood, and their hands embued in the blood of innocents. The waies of peace they know not, and in the pathe of righteousnesse they walke not. God is not knowne in their land, neither is his name called rightlie vpon

* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 67.

among them. . . . For such a pervers nature they are of, that they will be no longer honest and obedient than that they cannot be suffered to be rebelles. Such is their stubbornnesse and pride, that with continuall feare it must be brideled. . . . . For withdraw the sword and forbeare correction, deale with them in courtesie and forbeare correction, and entreate them gentlie, if they can take anie advantage they will surelie skip out."*

"It is not going too far to say," says Mr. O'C., "that a people capable of such high and generous attachment to each other and to their duty, ought to rank high in the estimation of good men." And yet Campion says,—

"Covenant and indent with them never so warilie, never so preciselie, yet they have beene founde faithlesse and periured. Where they are joined in colour of surest amitie, there they intend to kill. This ceremonie, reporteth Cambrensis, the parties to be coupled in league meete at church, become God septes, or allies, beare each other on their backe certaine paces in a ring, kisse together holy reliques, take blessing of the bishoppe, offer each to other a

* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 370.

droppe of their owne bloude, and drink it up betweene them : even in the doing hereof, they practise mutuall destruction."*

Mr. O'C. dwells complacently on their military virtues, and quotes Spenser, as follows :—

"I have heard some great warriors say, that in all the services which they had seen abroad, they never saw a more comelie man than the Irishman, nor that cometh up more bravely to his charge." No one ever doubted it.

Pity that, according to the same authority, their moral qualities were not conforming :—

"The evil and wilde uses which the gallowglasses and kerne (horse and foot soldiers) do use in their common trade of life . . . those be the most barbarous and loathly conditions of any people (I thinke) under heaven: for from the time that they enter into that course, they do use all the beastly behaviour that may be; they oppresse all men, they spoile the subject as the enemy, full of revenge and delighting in deadly execution, licencious, swearers, and blasphemers, common ravishers of women and murderers of children."†

* Campion's "History of Ireland," p. 23.

† Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland," vol. i. p. 118; see also p. 132.

And thus they are handled in Holinshed :—

" Kerne signifieth (as noblemen of deepe judgment informed me) a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rakehells or the divel's black gard, by reason of the stinking sturre they keepe wheresoever they be."*

Excepting an expedition into Scotland, the first instance that we have where Irish troops co-operated with English on foreign service is, as far as I am aware of, that of the Prior of Kilmainham, and the force which accompanied him in Henry the Fifth's celebrated expedition into France, when their eccentric habits and strange manner of warfare appeared to have created some surprise amongst the natives. This is Hall's account of them :—

" The Irishmen overcame al the Isle of Fraunce, and did to the Frenchmen dammages innumerable (as these writers affirme), and brought dayly praies to the English armye. And besides that, they would robbe houses and lay beddes on the backs of the kine, and ride vpon them, and carry yong children before them, and sell them to the Englishmen

* Holinshed's " Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 68.

for slaues; which strange doyngs so feared the Frenchmen within the territory of Paris and the coũtry about, that the rude persons fled out of the villages withal their stuffe to the cytie of Paris."*

Their picturesque return from foraging, riding on beds upon the cows' backs, with children before them, may be imagined.

But we have, fortunately, preserved to us a more particular description of a body of Irish troops who accompanied Henry the Eighth to the siege of Boulogne, in 1544. They were mustered previously in St. James's Park, where their costume and general appearance must have afforded quite a treat to the London citizens.

There was some difficulty in raising these men, as the chiefs objected to part with their followers, and the men themselves required a leader in whom they placed confidence. It was no easy matter to find a leader; for the Irish chieftains do not appear to have been capable of taking command of troops in a regular army, and the English noblemen were too fat.

* Hall's "Chronicles," p. 92.

"Considering that none of the Yrishe Lordes were mete for that purpose, ne yet convenyent to send any of th' Erles or other of the nobilitie of the Englishery, being onweldy men for to goe with light kerne; fynally, we had no choise but either the Lord of Dunboyne or the Lorde Power, and accordingly have appoynted the saide Lorde Power, which is a toward and an hardy yong gentleman."*

There was some difficulty in getting them across the Channel when collected, on account of "pyrotes and Brytons nowe kepynge uppon these costes . . . for if these kerne which shall passe but in pickards shulde be taken (besydes the dishonour of the thing) it were no small displeasure . . . if there be not some defence upon their sees, the Bryttons wyll be lordes betwyxte Brittayne and Scotlande."†

In the State Paper Office is said to be a complete muster-roll of these "piked and chosen men," specifying the name of every officer and man after the contingent found by the different chiefs. This was their strength:—

* The Lord Justice and Council to Henry VIII. State Papers, p. 406.

† Ibid.

"Summa totalis 1154
Inde
Abate in bois 234
So ——
Remanet in fighting men 920
but ther be more shipped."*

The letter contains this curious notice of their organisation :—

"Within this realme every two kerne use to have a page or boye, which commonly ys nevertheless a man, to bear their mantelles, weapons, and vyctailles for 2, 3, or 4 dayes, when they goo in a volant journey; for whome, and other shares of the marshalles, pypers, surjions, and such like, according ther usage, they recyve like entertaynment as for themselffes."†

The "pypers, surjions, and such like," is speaking slightingly of the "Faculty" of the period; but one is surprised at their having surgeons at all.

"According to this authority," says Mr. Moore, meaning Holinshed's "Chronicles," "such were the wild feats of courage per-

* The Lord Justice and Council to Henry VIII. State Papers, p. 406.
† Ibid.

formed by these kerns, that the French, astonished, sent an ambassador to inquire of Henry whether he had brought with him men or devils."*

To read this, one would suppose that it was simply the extravagant gallantry of the Irish troops that so astonished the natives; but this is the original account, in which, at least, he acquits them of body-snatching:—

"If they (the Irish kerns) took anie Frenchmen prisoners, lest they should be accounted couetous in snatching with them his entire bodie, his onelie ransome should be no more but his head. The French, with this strange kind of warfaring astonished, sent an ambassador to King Henrie to learne whether he brought men with him, or diuels that could neither be won with rewards nor pacified by pitie."

No wonder they were astonished; doubtless at their headlong valour, but certainly quite as much at the thoughtless and improvident cruelty of these savages, which led them to prefer the pleasure of cutting off their prisoners' heads to bringing them alive to the camp, with a view to their being ransomed by their friends,

* "History of Ireland," vol. iii. p. 326.

as was the custom amongst the French and English. He goes on to say,—

"Which when the king had turned to a ieast, the Frenchmen ever after, if they could take anie of the Irish scattering from the companie, vsed first to . . . and after to torment them with as great and as lingering paine as they could deuise."*

The Tudors loved a grim "ieast," as witness the father of this funny king chuckling at the pleasantry of Kildare's intention of roasting the Archbishop in Cashel Cathedral; and the chronicler is not without his waggery when he acquits the Irish of any covetous tendency.

This detachment made themselves very useful as foragers :—

"They stood the armie in very good steade. For they were not onlie contented to burn and spoile all the villages thereunto adjoining, but also they would range twentie or thirtie miles into the maine land : and having taken a bull, they vsed to tie him to a stake, and scorching him with faggots, they would force him to rore, so that all the cattell in the countrie would make towards the bull, all which they would

* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 315.

lightlie lead awaie, and furnish the camp with store of beefe."*

Their device of roasting the bull to make him call the cows by his "rore" is perfect of its kind, and was, no doubt, a familiar practice in their own little domestic troubles.

But it will be doing no more than justice to this celebrated detachment to record an act of gallantry in one of its members:—

"After that Bullongue was surrendered to the king, there encamped on the west side of the towne, beyond the hauen, an armie of Frenchmen, amongst whome there was a Thrasonicall Golias that departed from the armie and came to the brink of the hauen, and there, in ietting and daring wise, challenged anie one of the English armie that durst be so hardie as to bicker with him hand to hand. And albeit the distance of the place, the depth of the hauen, the neernesse of his companie imboldened him to this chalenge, more than anie great valour or pith that rested in him to indure a combat; yet all this notwithstanding, an Irishman named Nicholl Welch, who after reteined to the Earle of Kildare,

* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 315.

loathing and disdaining his proud brags, flung into the water and swam over the river, fought with the chalenger, strake him for dead, and returned backe to Bullongue with the Frenchman his head in his mouth, before the armie could overtake him. For which exploit, as he was of all his companie highlie commended, so by the lieutenant he was bountifullie rewarded."*

No doubt Nicholl Welch did his duty by the "Thrasonicall Golias," though his manner of "retrieving" the head savoured, perhaps, a little too much of that "wildness" which rendered these troops so notorious.

This is Holinshed's description of a horse-soldier:—"The fourth degree is a gallow-glasse, vsing a kind of pollar for his weapon. These men are commonlie weieward rather by profession than by nature: grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of lim, burlie of bodie, well and stronglie timbered, chiefly feeding on beefe, porke, and butter."†

But, undoubtedly, the most authentic, as well as the most flattering, picture of the Irish

* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 315.

† Ibid. vol. vi. p. 68.

troops is that given by Sir Antony Sentleger to Henry VIII., in answer to the king's order for sending these kerns to accompany him to Boulogne.

"There is no horsemen of this lande but he hathe his horse and his two boyes, and two hackeneys, or one hackeney and two chieffe horse at the leste, whoose wages must be according, and of themselffes they have no ryches to furnyshe the same. And assuredly I think for ther feate of warre, which ys for light scoorers, ther ar no properer horsemen in Christen grounde, nor more hardie, nor yet that can better endure hardnesse. . . . . And as to their footemen, they have one sorte, which be harnessed in mayle and bassenettes, having every of them his weapon called a sparre, moche like the axe of the Towre, and they be named gallowglasse; and for the more parte ther boyes beare for them thre dartes they throwe, or they come to the hande stripe: these sorte of men be those that doo not lightly abandon the fielde, but byde the brunt to the deathe.

"The other sorte, called kerne, ar naked men, but onely ther sherter and small cotes;

and many tymes, whan they come to the bycher, but bare naked, saving ther shurtes and shorte bowes; which sorte of people be bothe hardy and delyver to serche woddes or maresses, in the which they be harde to be beaten. And if your Majestie will converte them to more spikes and handgonnes, I thinke they wolde in that feate, with small instructions, doo your Highnes greate service; for as for gonners, ther be no better in no lande than they be, for the nomber they have, which be more then I wolde wishe they had, onles it were to serve your Majestie. And also these two sortes of people be of such hardnes, that ther ys no man that ever I sawe, that will or can endure the paynes and evill fare that they will sustayne; for in the sommer, whan corne ys nere rype, they seche none other meate in tyme of nede, but to storke or swyll the eares of wheate, and eate the same; and water to ther drinke; and with this they pass ther lyves, and at all tymes thei eate suche meate as few other coulde lyve with."*

* Sentleger to Henry VIII. (1543). State Papers, p. 385.

According to Froissart, there appears to have been little safety in running away from an ancient Irishman.

"For a man of armes being never so well horsed, and ron as fast as he can, the Yrisshmen wyll ryn afote as faste as he and ouertake him; yea, and leape vp vpon his horse behynde hym, and drawe hym fro his horse; for they are strong men in the armes, and have sharpe weapons with large blades and two edges, after the manner of darte heedes; . . . . and they repute not a man ded till they have cutte his throte, and open his bely, and taken out his herte, and cary it awaye withe them: som saye, suche as knowe their nature, that they do eate it, and have great delyt therein: they take no man to ransome, and whanne they see at any encountre that they be ouermatched, than they will departe a sonder and go and hyde himselfe in busshes, woodes, hedges, and caves, so that no man shall fynde them."*

A more unpleasant companion upon a double horse it would be difficult to fancy, or one from whom mercy was so little to be expected. No wonder Sir John Froissart should come to

* Froissart's "Chronicle," vol. ii. p. 620.

the conclusion that "Ireland is one of the yuel countries of the world to make warre upon."

Mr. O'Connell, in his history, gives us a picture of Irish country life in the time of Queen Elizabeth; the insinuation being that it was upon such innocents that she brought all the horrors of war. He quotes from Hooker's continuation to Holinshed. After the stunning repetition of English barbarities, which are set forth in large capitals, much in the fashion of a quack doctor's posting-bill, we are unexpectedly refreshed with the following. It relates to the state of Munster under Sir John Perrot's administration:—

"Everie man with a white sticke only in his hand, and with great treasures, might and did travell without feare or danger where he woulde (as the writer hereof by triall knew it to be true), and the white sheepe did keepe the blacke, and all the beastes lay continually in the fields without stealing or preieing."*

And here we may pause a moment upon this Irish Arcadia. We see the simple natives sauntering about, "everie man with a white sticke;" the roads enlivened with unmolested

* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 337.

virgins; the cattle unhoughed in the fields; the capitalist ostentatiously parading his money-bags; and barns and haggards wooing the incendiary in vain. A few sentences preceding this well-chosen quotation will shew us how it was brought about:—

"This worthy knight (Sir John Perrot), knowing that he should have to do with a sort of nettles whose nature is that, being handled gently, they will sting, but being hard crushed together, they will doo no harme: even so he began with them. The sword and the law he made to be the foundation of his government; by the one he persecuted the rebell and disobedient, and by the other he ruled and governed in justice and judgement. Great trouble he had in both, but little did he prevaill in the latter before he had overcome the first: and therefore minding to chastise the rebelles . . . . he followed and chased them from place to place; in the bogs he pursued them, in the thickets he followed them, in the plaines he fought with them, ... and in short time brought the same (Munster) to such a state of quietness and peaceable estate, that whereas no man before could passe through the countrie but was in danger to be murdered

and robbed, and no man durst to turn his cattell into the fields without watch, and so keepe them in barnes in the night time, now everie man with a white sticke," &c. &c.

It is a subject of regret that all this good conduct was not, as insinuated, spontaneous; and that the only instance on record (at least in those times) when

> "Erin's sons were so good or so cold
> As not to be tempted by woman or gold!"

was brought about by the exertions of an Englishman.

This lord-deputy seems to have been of the same opinion, as regards the mode in which Ireland should be governed, with Sir John Davies, who is much quoted by Mr. O'Connell. He gives as a reason why the manners of the Irish were so little altered since the time of Henry II., that they were never sufficiently conquered—the nettle was not squeezed tight enough.

"For it will appear . . . that ever since our nation had any footing in this land, the state of England did earnestly desire, and did accordingly endeavour, from time to time, to perfect the conquest of this kingdom, but that in

every age there were found such impediments and defects in both realms as caused almost an impossibility that things should have been otherwise than as they are. . . . A barbarous country must be first broken by a war before it will be capable of good government; and when it is fully subdued and conquered, if it be not well planted and governed, it will often return to the former barbarities. . . . The English forces were ever too weak to subdue and master so many warlike nations or septs of the Irish : . . and besides their weakness, they were ill paid and worse governed."*

May it not be still questionable whether people in so uncivilised a state as to combine, on all occasions, to defeat the law, where a murderer is fostered and protected, where an agriculturist ploughs under the protection of armed policemen, and an improving landlord is forced to take a blunderbuss to church; whether such a people are fit to be placed on the same level as the English? To extend the franchise to them seems very like presenting Heki with a reading easel, or making Twanké-taée a Fellow of the Royal Society.

* "Historical Tracts," vol. i. p. 3.

In this book of Mr. O'Connell's every atrocity committed by the English upon the Irish is ostentatiously paraded, while the causes which brought about these awful retaliations are entirely suppressed; and even the sufferings of the Irish, by the dreadful famines which they brought about by destroying the farms and cattle of the English settlers, are all to be laid to our charge. All the horrors of the great rebellion of 1641, all Coote's excesses and Cromwell's massacres, are carefully set forth; but not a word of the 37,000 English murdered, starved, and drowned in Ulster (taking the lowest account, and 300,000 from first to last), and the inconceivable horrors perpetrated upon unoffending men, women, and children. The reader is referred to Leland, Sir John Temple, Sir William Petty, and to the masterly summary of Hume, chap. lv. In Temple, especially, he will see the unexampled massacres, the wholesale drownings, the faithless execution of prisoners admitted to quarter, the frightful obscenities, which it is impossible to quote in the plain language of the seventeenth century.

I must take the liberty to cite one passage from Sir John Temple's preface, which is so

appropriate to Mr. O'Connell's book, that it seems almost like a prophetic notice of the work:—

"Histories are called '*Testes temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ;*' and certainly he doth offend in an high degree, who shall either negligently suffer, or wilfully procure them to bring in false evidence, that shall make them dark-lanthorns, to give light but on the one side; or, as *ignes fatui*, to cause the reader to wander from the truth, and vainly to follow false shadows, or the factious humour of the writer's brain. To be false, to deceive, to lye, even in ordinary discourse, are vices commonly branded with much infamy, and held in great detestation by all good men. And, therefore, certainly those that arrive at such a height of impudency as magisterially to take upon them, not only to abuse the present, but future ages, must needs render themselves justly odious. They stand responsible for other men's errours; and whereas, in all other notorious offenders, their sin and their life determines at the farthest together, the sin of these men is perpetrated after their decease; they speak when they are dead, make false infusions into every age, and court every new person that shall, many years

after," cast his eyes upon their story to give belief to their lyes."*

If any man more than another was qualified to write upon this rebellion, it was Temple, who was Master of the Rolls and a Privy Councillor in Ireland, at the time. He thus speaks of his qualifications:—

"I have perused the public despatches, acts, and relations, as likewise the private letters and particular discourses sent by the chief gentlemen out of several parts of the kingdom, to present unto the lords justices and counsel the sad condition of their affairs. And having been made acquainted with all the most secret passages and counsels of the state, I have, as far as I could without breach of trust, and as the duty of a Privie Counsellor would admit, communicated so much of them as I conceived necessary and proper for public information. . . . I may confidently avow that I have been so curious in gathering up my materials, and so careful in putting them together, as very few passages will be found here inserted which have not either fallen

* Sir John Temple's "History of the Irish Rebellion," 4to. Preface.

within the compasse of my own knowledge, or that I have not received from those who were chiefly intrusted in matter of action abroad; or that came not to my hands attested upon the oaths of credible witnesses, or clearly asserted in the voluntary confessions of the rebels themselves."*

The assertions, which Mr. O'Connell supports by quotations, are, in almost every instance, either wholly confuted, or much softened down, by the context. As an example, we will take an instance almost at random. He is describing the dreadful state of the country, as brought about by the war in Munster, and dwells with shocking minuteness upon the people feeding on the dead carrion, with other details of the famine and pestilence — caused, of course, by the English troops; and he thus quotes Spenser:—

"Out of every corner of the woods and glynns they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eate the dead carrions; yea, and one another

* Temple's "History of the Rebellion," Preface.

soone after; insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of the graves; and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time; yea, not able to continue there withal; that in shorte space there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddainelie left voyde of man and beast;"*——

Here he stops short without finishing the sentence, which goes on thus:—

"Yet sure in all that warre, there perished not many by the sword, but all by the extremitie of famine, *which they themselves had wrought.*"

Anybody but an Irish patriot would see that the last words of this extract, like a lady's postscript, contain the pith of the whole, and transfer the blame from the English to the Irish themselves; but such passages are not quoted in "Ireland and the Irish."

Those who feed upon the delusion of "Saxon misrule" may, perhaps, like to see the following description of such rule, as the Irish had amongst themselves. It is from a paper on

* "State of Ireland," p. 166.

the state of Ireland, drawn up for presentation to Henry VIII. and the English Council:—

"What comyn folke in all this worlde is so power [poor], so feble, so ivyll besyn in towne and fylde, so bestyall, so greatly oppressid and trodde under fote, and farde so evyll, with so greate myserye, and with so wretcheid lyff, as the comen folke of Irelande? . . . Where regneith more than 60 cheyf capytaynes, whereof some calleth themselffes kynges, some kynges peyres in ther langage, some princeis, some dukes, some archdukes, that lyveth onely by the swerde, and obeyeth to no other temporall person, but onely to himself that is stronger: and every of the said capytaynes maketh warre and peace for himself and holdeth by swerde; and hath imperiall jurysdyction within his rome, and obeyeth to noo other person, Englyshe ne Iryshe, except only to suche persones as maye subdue hym by the swerde . . . Also the sonne of eny of the said capytaines shall not succede to his fader without he be the strongeist of all his nation; for ther shalbe none chief captayn of eny of the said regions by lawfull succession, but by forte mayne and election: and he that hath strongyst armye and hardeyst swerde among them, hath best right and tytill; and

by reason thereof, ther be but fewe of the said regions that be in pease within themselff, but comynly rebellyth alwaye agaynst ther cheyff capytaine."

This one would have thought quite sufficient to furnish them with quarrels and wars to their hearts' content: but these chief captains had very able assistants in stirring up quarrels:—

"Also in every of the said regions ther be dyverse pety captaines, and every of them makeith warre and pease for hymselff without lycence of the chief captayne.

"Also every of the said regions is devydeid and departeid betwyxt the cheyfe captayne and the deputy captaine of the same . . . and so every of the said captaines laboryth dayly, by all the means that they can, whereby he may be moste stronge of men.

"Also ther is more than 30 great captaines of the Englyshe noble folke that followyth tho same Iryshe order, and kepeith the same rule, and every of them makeith warre and pease for hymselff, without any licence of the king, save to him that is strongyst, and of suche that maye subdue them by the swerde."

These last, it appears, "would have been

right gladde to obey the king's lawes, yf they might be defended by the king of the Iryshe enemies."*

No wonder the country got a bad name. "Pandar sheweth . . . that the holly woman, Brigitta, used to enquyre of her good angell many questions of secrete dyvine, and among all other she inquyryd 'of what Chrystyn lande was moste sowlles damned?' The angell shewed her a lande in the west part of the worlde . . . and the angell dyd shew tyll her the lappes of the sowlles of Chrystyn folke of that lande, how they fell downe into hell as thyk as any haylle shewrys. And pytty thereof moveid the Pandar to consayn his said booke . . . for after his opinion this is the lande that the angell understoode; for ther is no lande in this worlde of so long contynuel warre within himselffe, ne of so greate shedeing of Chrysten blodde; ne of so greate rubbing, spoyleing, praying (preying), and burning, ne of so greate wrongful extortion contynually as Ireland. Wherfor it cannot be denyed by very estimation of man but that the angell dyd understand the land of Ireland."†

* State Papers, Henry VIII. vol. i. † Ibid.

"Catholic writers of the present day are loud in their praises of the Romish clergy, at all times and under all circumstances; praise which is received with much complacency by those "sweet doves," as if most of the rebellions had not been brought about, and their horrors aggravated, by them. In concocting the great rebellion of 1641, Temple joins the lawyers with them, and, in after times, we have seen them go hand-in-hand:—

"I find two sorts of persons who did most eminently appear in laying those main fundamentals whereupon their bloody superstructions were afterwards easily reared up; and these were such of the Popish lawyers as were natives of the kingdome, and those of the Romish clergy of severall degrees and orders. For the first, they had in regard of their knowledge of the lawes of the land very great reputation and trust: they now began to stand up like great patriots for the vindication of the liberties of the subject, and redress of their pretended grievances; and having, by their bold appearing therein, made a great party in the House of Commons . . . some of them did there magisterially obtrude as undoubted maxims of the law the pernicious speculation of

their own brain, which, though plainly discerned to be full of virulence, yet so strangely were many of the Protestants and well-meaning men in the House blinded with an apprehension of ease and redresse, and so stupified with their bold accusations of the government, as most thought not fit, others durst not stand up to contradict their fond assertions."*

Many are still, unfortunately, so stupified: and some who do "stand up to contradict their fond assertions" are overborne by the matchless impudence of these long-tongued orators, the ingenuity with which they garble facts, and the intrepidity of their direct lying.

Of their reverences he thus speaks:—

"For the facilitating of the worke and stirring up of the people, with greater animosity and cruelty to put it on at the time prefixed, they loudly, in all places, declamed against the Protestants, telling the people that they were hereticks, and not to be suffered any longer to live among them: that it was no more sinne to kill an Englishman than to kill a dogge, and that it was a most mortall and

* "History of the Rebellion," p. 76.

unpardonable sinne to relieve or protect any one of them."*

The "Protestant historian," Leland, whom Mr. O'Connell quotes so triumphantly, has this passage, not quoted by him:—"Early in the month of October, a considerable meeting of the principal Romish clergy, together with some laymen of their faction, was held in the Abbey of Multifarnam, in the county of Westmeath . . . Some recommended that the English should be simply driven out like the Moors from Spain; others exclaimed against this indulgence, and recommended 'that a general massacre was the safest and most effectual method of freeing the kingdom from such fear' (the English returning)."†

Such is the slavish obedience of the lower orders of Irish to their priests, that the following *ruse* might be assuredly practised in these days:—

"So light are they in believing whatsoever is with any countenance of gravitie affirmed by their superiors, whome they esteeme and honour, that a lewd prelate within these few

* Temple, p. 79.

† Leland's "History of Ireland," vol. iii. p. 106.

years, needy of money, was able to persuade his parish that St. Patricke, in striving with St. Peter to let an Irish gallowglass into heaven, had his head broken with the keyes, for whose releife he obtained a colection."*

It must be confessed that their reverences, however quietly they may operate under ordinary circumstances, have been ready enough to take an active part in any actual outbreak, and have done good service, though in a somewhat unclerical fashion. On the surrender of a castle in Longford for want of provisions, and given up on promise of quarter,—

"A popish priest, with his skeane in his hand, watching for the coming forth of a minister then amongst the English, did, by thrusting that skeane into the minister's guts, and ripping up his belly, give that as a signal to the rebels for falling upon the rest of the English, which they did accordingly assoone as the minister was murdered, killing some and hanging the rest most perfidiously."†

A more complete picture, however, is afforded in the last rebellion (1798), which

* Campion, p. 25.

† Temple, letter dated 14th Dec. 1641.

Mr. O'Connell calls a "fomented" rebellion; an assertion which, if true, places us in the exceedingly false position of having burnt our fingers most cruelly in the fomentation, saddled ourselves with a profitless and burdensome union, and ensured the lasting abuse of those we are condemned to support. Father Clinch, an Enniscorthy priest, is thus described:—

"Being of huge stature, with a scimetar and cross-belts, and mounted on a large white horse, with long pistols, he made so conspicuous a figure on the hill during the action and the day preceding it . . . The Earl of Roden, having singled him out among the fugitives, overtook him after a mile's pursuit, and received his fire, which his lordship returned, and wounded him in the neck. He then discharged his second pistol at Lord Roden, on which an officer rode up and shot him. He wore his vestments under his clothes."*

The saintly lives which the Irish clergy are said, by modern patriots, to have led in all ages, is rather disproved by the following letter of Cowley to Cromwell (1536):—

* Musgrave's "History of the Rebellion," p. 478.

"The abbayes here doo not kepe so good divine service as the abbayes in England, being suppressid, did kepe; the religious personnages here lesse contynent or vertuous, keping no hospitalitie, saving to theyme silves, theire concubynes and childerne, and to certaine bell wedders, to eclypse theire pernycious lyevinges and to beare and pavesse theire detestable deedes: which ryng leaders have good fees, fatte profitable fermes, the fynding of their children, with other daily pleasures of the abbayes."*

There is a concentrated bitterness in the following custom, which could only have occurred to a highly imaginative people:—

"In some corners of the land they use a damnable superstition, leaving the right arms of their infants unchristened, to the intent it might inflict a more ungracious and deadlie blow."†

Dr. Hanmer, I fear, is somewhat profane in his notion of the ancient Irish priesthood:—

"And yet, gentle reader, I may not overslip one thing, namely, how that (for all the sanc-

* State Papers, p. 149.

† Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 69.

titie of the prelates in those dayes) Satan with all the infernal spirits, sent greeting, with great thankes, unto the Ecclesiasticall State upon Earth, in dreadfull characters. For that they, wanting no aide in their delights from hellish places, sent such a number of damned soules into the sulphureous pits, through their remissness of life and slacknesse in preaching, as in former ages had not beene seene."*

We may be, I hope, excused for a curiosity to see the "dreadfull characters" of this diabolical missive, and to learn its delivery. He mentions a summary way they had of checking a disposition to controversial divinity. At "a great disputation and parlie" it was suggested "to take two monkes, one of thy side, another of mine, and cast them both into an house set on fire: he that cometh out safe, let him carry the truth." To which is appended a note,—"If they were as fat in those daies as most of them proved after, there would have beene old frying."†

This is a rhapsody upon Irish mercy and lovingkindness:—

"Join with me," says Mr. O'Connell, "in

* "History of Ireland," p. 130. † Ibid. p. 123.

blessing Providence, who gave the Irish nation a soul so full of humanity, a disposition so replete with mercy, that, excepting in the actual war itself, the Irish shed no blood, committed no crime, perpetrated no barbarity, exhibited no intolerance, exercised no persecution."*

None but a special pleader—and an Irish special pleader—could have written this. It is very much like saying, that except when a murderer is actually cutting throats he is the best fellow alive—when a burglar is not actually breaking into houses, he is a steady, honest man—except when priests are hounding on a rabble to roast hundreds of Protestants in barns—to hang up by the hair and disembowel pregnant women alive—to promise life on condition of people changing their religion, and then have their throats cut to ensure their salvation; except on such occasions, they "exhibited no intolerance, exercised no persecution." "Actual war," of course, had commenced when armed ruffians broke into houses in the night, and butchered the defenceless inmates. "Actual war" had commenced when the Irish borrowed arms from the English, and

* "Ireland and the Irish," p. 385.

shot them down with their own weapons. It was an "actual war," indeed, when 37,000 peaceable English were destroyed in cold blood by every species of refined and brutal cruelty, urged on by the "sweet doves," and that most atrocious monster, Sir Phelim O'Neil, of whom Mr. O'Connell is the apologist; and in describing the horrors of the retaliation he exclaims,—"I am sickened and disgusted with the hideous catalogue of English crimes."

Man of a sensitive stomach! He reminds us of that famous giant before mentioned, who choked himself with melted butter.

He is "consoled and soothed by the recollection of the glorious contrast of the humanity and mercy exhibited by the Irish Catholics with the fiendish cruelty and barbarity of the English. . . . On the side of the Irish there cannot be quoted any letter, any writing, any document, any general or particular order, edict, law, or command, enjoining, suggesting, or palliating murder or pillage—plunder or crime. No—not one! I repeat, NOT ONE!"*

This only goes to prove that they committed these horrors of their own free will, without

* "Ireland and the Irish," p. 383.

prompting: that they did commit them is as well proved as any fact that history has ever recorded.

The writer of "Ireland and the Irish" has committed the mistake of trying to prove too much. It is true, that with the great majority of his readers, the garbled extracts will never be collated with the books they are taken from —the falsehood goes forth and is believed—the reckless and unsupported assertions are taken for truth—the agitation is continued, and the Rent is raised. Pity he should forget that

"Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues;"

that the enormous power he possesses of doing good should only be exercised the other way; and the smouldering prejudices of two great nations kindled to warm an inordinate vanity, and bring pence into the begging-box.

"The Irish," says Mr. O'Connell, "are lovers of justice, of equal and impartial justice."

This, perhaps, is the very last quality their best friends would have discovered, if by impartial justice is meant fair play; and we may be permitted humbly to inquire where it is to

be found? At Conciliation Hall, or at Donnybrook fair?—to an in-coming tenant, or the crew of a wrecked vessel? Is it exercised towards improving landlords, or conspicuous amongst the candidates for the relief funds?

Before I take leave of Mr. O'Connell's book, I must notice one piece of unquestionable truth which it contains, embodied in the following happy allusion to the pelican:—

"No! thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons!
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast."

Let those who rashly say that the great Agitator's life is one entire falsehood, read this and recant: his most inveterate enemy will feel disposed to believe that, as long as the parent-land shall continue to bleed, so long will she retain the affections of her patriot son; but not one moment longer.

The despair with which Ireland has been regarded in all ages is curious, though fully accounted for in the perpetual opposition to improvement on the part of the leading men, whether kings, priests, or agitators, for their own selfish ends. Henry VIII.'s council admit

that they break down when required to find a remedy for Irish disorders:—

"Also there is a proverbe of old date, the pryde of Fraunce, the treason of Ingland, the warre of Ireland, shalle never have ende; which proverbe twycheing the warre of Irland, is lyke allwaye to contynue without Godde sett in menne's brestes to fynde some newe remedye, that never was founde before."*

And three hundred years after this was written, the "newe remedye" appears as difficult to find as then. Spenser's lament on this subject, taken in connexion with the present deplorable circumstances, and the dark prospects of the future, seems like an awful prophecy:—

"They say it is the fatal destiny of that land that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceed from the very genius of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that God Almighty hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that He reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge, which shall by her come unto Eng-

* State Papers, vol. i.

land, it is hard to be knowne, but yet much to be feared." *

* "State of Ireland," vol. i. p. 1.

The news of Mr. O'Connell's death is announced while these sheets are passing through the press, and on this account the writer would have wished to suppress some of the foregoing remarks. It is, however, to be considered, that "the evil that men do lives after them;" the book which has been noticed is still doing its work, and is probably not concluded, and the true character of the political charlatan but yet partially found out.

CHAPTER II.

DRESS—FROISSART'S DESCRIPTION OF THE FOUR KINGS—GLIBS—LADIES' DRESS AND PERSONS—ENORMOUS SHIRTS—HENRY THE EIGHTH'S LETTER ON DRESS—ACTS OF PARLIAMENT TO REGULATE DRESS—DRESS OF NOBLES—LORD ROCHE AND THE WHITE KNIGHT—TRAINING THE EARL OF DESMOND FOR A COURTIER—CHANGING HORSES—DEATH OF THE LAST EARL OF DESMOND—EARL OF KILDARE AT SLIDEGROAT—RETAINERS—TIMELY SUBMISSION—ENGLISH DEGENERATE IN IRELAND—LAW OF INHERITANCE—KILDARE BEFORE HENRY THE SEVENTH—COUNTESS OF OSSORY—EFFICACY OF IRISH WATER—HOSPITALITY—DRESS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

MR. MOORE notices a curious law on the subject of dress:—

"In the reign of Achy, who was the immediate successor of Tighernmas (that is, about 963 years before Christ), a singular law was enacted, regulating the number of colours by which the garments of the different classes of

society were to be distinguished. Plebeians and soldiers were, by this ordinance, to wear but a single colour; military officers of an inferior rank, two; commanders of battalions, three; the keepers of houses of hospitality, four; the nobility and military knights, five; and the bards and ollamhs, who were distinguished for learning, six; being but one colour less than the number worn by the reigning princes themselves."

So that the higher a man's rank, the more he became like a harlequin. And what must have rendered their appearance still more strange was, that all these colours were probably crowded into a single garment, and that of the scantiest proportion. It is ascertained, however, from the discoveries made in bogs, that ornaments, such as necklaces, armlets, &c. of fine gold and very creditable workmanship, were worn in these remote times; and Ware says the Irish kings wore pearl earrings. The most curious and useful of these ornaments was certainly that celebrated collar of Moran, the chief judge, under King Feredach, the son

* "History of Ireland," by Thomas Moore, Esq., vol. i. p. 109.

of Crimthan, "which is said to have given warning by increased pressure around the neck of the wearer, whenever he was about to pronounce an unjust sentence."

It is a pity that this admirable property of "choking off" the judge, when disposed to worry and browbeat, cannot be applied to some modern article of dress, and extended to the bar as well as the bench. The original collar, it seems, has been found in a bog near Limerick, and might be presented with much advantage to the importunate patriots of the day.

In Ware's "Antiquities," we find this regulation for the dress of a clergyman *and his wife*: it is from a canon of a synod held in St. Patrick's time.

"If a clergyman (says the canon), from the door-keeper to the priest, shall appear in publick without a tunick, and not cover the nakedness and turpitude of his belly, or who shall not wear his hair shorn after the Roman fashion, and if his wife does not wear a veil when she goes abroad, let such be separated from the Church."†

"Respecting the dress of the ancient Irish,"

* Moore, vol. i. p. 122. † Ware, vol. ii. p. 239.

says Mr. Moore, "we have no satisfactory information. In an account given of them by a Roman writer of the third century, they are represented as being half naked; and the Briton Gildas, who wrote about three hundred years after, has drawn much the same picture of them. It was only in battle, however, that they appear to have personated themselves in this barbarian fashion . . . . enough may be collected from the accounts of a later period, when they had become more known to Europe, to satisfy us that the Milesian lord of the rath, and the plebeian of the hovel, had as little advanced in the scale of civilisation in their dress as in their dwellings; and that, while the latter was most probably clothed, like the lower order of Britons, in sheepskin, the chief himself wore the short woollen mantle, such as was customary at a later period among his countrymen, and which, according to some authorities, reached no further than the elbows; leaving, like the rheno, or short mantle of the ancient Germans, the remainder of the body entirely naked."*

* Moore, vol. i. p. 196.

We are fortunate in being able to witness, any rainy day, a garment which will give us a fair idea of this ancient mantle; supposing it to be of a woollen fabric, and patchworked with as many colours as you please. We have to imagine a modern policeman in his cape only, "the remainder of the body entirely naked," wearing a long beard, an enormous bunch of hair on the top of his head, which could be pulled down over his face occasionally to serve the purpose of a veil, and we have before us a chieftain of the time of Feredach the son of Crimthan. Any thing more entirely absurd, to our notions, than a man wearing pearl earrings and other expensive articles of jewellery in such a state as this, it would be difficult to fancy; and their solicitude about covering their elbows under such circumstances, would seem to shew a national perverseness in fixing the point of interest where it would never have occurred to any body else.

Mr. Moore, on the authority of Giraldus, enters a protest in favour of "braccæ," or breeches, but, judging from what will presently appear, I think the plea scarcely admissible. It is not to be supposed that, having once proved the comfort of that now indis-

pensable part of dress, they would ever have so far degenerated as to leave them off again; and that, in the time of Richard the Second, their kings wore nothing in the nature of pantaloons, is proved by incontestible evidence. The following extract from Hanmer, which describes Prince John's reception of the Irish chieftains on his landing, also shakes us in the advocacy of early small-clothes :—

"At the first landing and entering of the king's sonne at Waterford, a great many of the chiefest commanders of those parts, being advertised of this his arrivall, came and resorted to him in peaceable manner, after their best manner, to salute and congratulate his comming. One made curtesie, another kneeled, some took him by the hand, other some offer to kisse him. The new gallants and Normans, such as had not beene before acquainted with the country, neither the homelinesse of the people, set them at nought, laughed at their mantles and troosses, derided their glibbes and long beards: one takes a sticke and pats the Irishman on the pate, another halls the mantle and *pricks him behind with a pinne,* some have their glibbes and long beards pulled, and departing have flappes on the lippes, thumpes

in their neckes, and the doore clapped on their heeles, with diverse other abuses and indiscreete entertainment." *

The simple manners of these good-humoured savages contrast very favourably with the "indiscreete entertainment" of Prince John's thoughtless young courtiers. By the word "troosses," perhaps, may be meant the very inefficient substitute for trousers figured in the first edition of Holinshed's "Chronicles of Ireland." The man in armour is of the date of Elizabeth's time, one of the force accompanying the lord-deputy into Munster. Though armed *cap-à-pié*, his Celtic prejudice peeps out in an unseemly fashion, and would argue an instinct not unlike that of the ostrich.

The following account of the dress and behaviour of the four Irish kings, who submitted to Richard the Second, as it was narrated to Froissart by the good knight, Sir Henry Christall (or Castide), "an honest man and a wise," is not only very curious in itself, but conclusive evidence on the great pantaloon question, at least in the fourteenth century. Sir Henry,

* Hanmer's "History of Ireland," p. 332.

from his knowledge of the Irish language and manners, is chosen to train these four monarchs to civility. The account of his being carried amongst the Irish by a runaway horse, whilst engaged in a skirmish, is exceedingly graphic: and how "Brine Costeret" overtook him on foot, leaped up behind the horse, and instead of cutting his throat, as was usual, took him home, married him to his daughter, and kept him seven years; at the end of which time Costeret was carried amongst the English by the same runaway horse, taken prisoner, and exchanged for his son-in-law.

Sir Henry thus speaks of his charges:—

"For though they be kynges, yet no man can deuyse nor speke of ruder personages. I shall shewe you somwhat of their rudenesse, to the entent yt maye be ensample agayne people of other nacyons. . . . They wolde cause their mynstrelles, their servauntes, and valets, to sytte with them, and eate in their owne dysshe, and drinke of their cuppes; and they shewed me that the vsage of their countre was good, for they sayd in all thynges (except their beddes) they were and liued a comen. So the fourthe day I ordayned other tables to be couered in the hall, after the vsage of Eng-

lande, and I made these four kynges to sytte at the hyghe table, and there mynstrels at another borde, and their servauntes and varlettes at another byneth them, whereof by semynge they were displeased, and behelde eche other, and wolde nât eate, and sayd howe I wolde take fro them their good vsage, wherin they hadde been norisshed. Than I answered them, smylyng to apeace them, that it was nat honourable for their estates to do as they dyde before, and that they must leaue it and vse the custom of Englande, and that it was the kynge's pleasure they shulde do so, and how he was charged so to order them. Whan they had harde that they suffred it because they had putte themself vnder the obeysaũce of the kynge of Englande, and parceuered in the same as long as I was with them; while yet they hadde one vse which I knewe well was vsed in their coũtre, and that was they *dyde were no breches*, I caused breches of lynen clothe to be made for them. Whyle I was with them I caused them to leave many rude thynges, as well in clothyng as in other causes. Moche ado I had at the fyrst to cause them to weare gownes of sylke, furred with myneuere and gray; for before these kynges

thought themselfe well apparelled when they hadde on a mantell . . . . They rode alwayes without sadelles and styropes, and with great payne, I made thē to ryde after our vsage."

They are made knights after the English fashion, watching all night before the church.

"These kynges sate that day at the table with Kynge Richarde. They were regarded of many folkes because their behauing was straunge to the maner of Englande and other coūtries, and euer naturally men desyre to see newelties." *

The reader will be disposed to agree with Froissart, "I wolde it had cost me largely that I had beene there." To inquiries as to their reasons for submitting, he says the king tarried there nine months, "and euery man well payed abasshed the Yrisshmen."

One word more on the "braccæ question." In that bantering conversation between the Dauphin and the Constable, in Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth, the former says, "O! then belike . . . . you rode like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers."

* Froissart, vol. ii. pp. 620–623.

Ware invests them with tight pantaloons, stockings, and shoes, all in one; and ascribes the thick legs, of both men and women, to wearing no heels to their brogues, and so continually straining the sinews.

The "glib" was an important part of their head-dress.

"Proud are they of long, crisp bunches of heare, which they terme glibs, and the same they nourish with all their cunning. To crop the front thereof they take it for a notable piece of villanie." *

The glib was useful as a veil.

"Whenever he hath run himself into peril of the law, and will not be knowne, he either cutteth off his glibbe quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it so low downe over his eyes, that it is very hard to discern his thievish countenance." †

And it was not less useful in a fight. They "go into battle bareheaded and without armour, trusting to the thickness of their glibbes." ‡

In the speech put into the mouth of the

* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 67.

† Spenser's "State of Ireland," p. 90.

‡ Ibid. p. 96.

Danish commander, their accoutrements are represented as of a very homely description.

"Excepting a few of their princes and gentlemen, the rest are but poore and needy slaues, bare . . . bare-legd, and bare-footed, and of small strength. For armes they weare a skull, a sword by their side, hanging in a wyth that compasseth their middle, and a target: other some have darts: the best thing in them is that they are swift of foot."*

It would appear that in Spenser's time the mantle had much increased in size beyond that mentioned by Mr. Moore, since he describes it as—

"A fit house for an outlaw, a meete bed for a rebell, and an apte cloake for a thiefe, ... and being, as they commonlie are, naked, it is to them all in all."†

This would scarcely have been applicable to a garment that only covered the elbows. It is equally convenient to the ladies. To

"The wandering woemen, called of them mona-shull, it is half a wardrobe; for in summer ye shall find her arrayed commonly but in

* Hanmer's "History of Ireland," p. 58.

† Spenser's "State of Ireland," p. 87.

her smocke and mantle, . . . and as for all other good woemen which love to doe but little worke, how handsome it is to lye in and sleepe, or louse themselves in the sunshine, they that have been but a while in Ireland can well witnes."*

In another place, the ladies' dress is thus described :—

"The great linnen roll which the women weare to keepe their heads warme, after cutting their haire, which they use in sicknesse: besides their thicke folded linnen shirts, their long-sleeved smockes, their half-sleived coates, their silken fillets, and all the rest, they will devise some colour for, either of necessity, or of antiquity, or of comelynesse."†

Sir John Perrot, amongst the other reforms which he introduced into Munster, took in hand the dress of the inhabitants: "suffering no glibs nor like vsage among the men, nor the Egyptiacall rolles upon women's heads to be worne; whereat, though the ladies and gentlewomen were somewhat grieved, yet they yeelded, and giving the same over, did weare hats after the English manner."‡

* Spenser's "State of Ireland," p. 89. † Ibid. p. 114.
‡ Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 370.

Ware, in his "Irish Antiquities," makes mention of a clergyman who once got into trouble for meddling with the ladies' hair. There was "a strange kind of tonsure introduced by Æd, an Irishman, who, from a long beard, was commonly called the bearded clerk. He had obtained a wonderful reputation for his learning and sanctity; yet in the year 1053 or 1054, he was driven into banishment, because in his school (wherein he had a great number of clerks, maids, and laicks,) he took upon him to introduce a new custom of shaving the girls after the manner of the clerks; as may be seen in Marianus Scotus and Florence of Worcester."* Ware also invests the ancient Irish with "a bonet or cap shaped like a sugar-loaf."

Their personal charms are thus described:—

"Their women are well-favoured, cleane-coloured, fair-handed, big, and large; suffered from their infancie to grow at will, *nothing curious of their feature and proportion of bodie*."†

Campion's description of their morals I do

* Ware, vol. ii. p. 239.

† Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 67.

not venture to quote. Of the connubial habits of the chiefs he says, "One I heard named which hath (as he called them) more than ten wives in twentie places."*

He also says, "Where they fancie and favour they are wonderfull kinde. . . . . they have utterly no coyne stirring in any great lord's houses; their ladies are trimmed rather with massie jewels than with garish apparell: it is accounted a beutie in them to be tall, round, and fat."†

But if their garments were few in number, they made up for that scantiness by the size of their shirts. "They wore their shirts and smockes of an immoderate size, 13 or 14 yards of cloth in each,"‡ And Campion more than doubles even that liberal allowance.

King Henry the Eighth appears to have been much scandalised at the size of the Irish chemises, and fixes the quantity of cloth in each at five standard ells. He thus writes, on the subject of dress generally, to the authorities of Galway, in 1535:—

* "History of Ireland," p. 27. † Ibid. p. 28.
‡ Ware's "Antiquities," vol. ii. p. 178.

"*Item.* That every inhabitant, as well within the sayde towne as the suburbis of the same, doo shave their over lippes, called crompeanlis; and suffer the here of their heddys to grow, till it cover their earys; and that every of theym were Englyshe cappes.

"*Item.* That no man nor man-child do were no mantyls in the stretes, but clokes or gownes, cootys, doublettes, and hose, shapyn after the Englyshe facion, of the contry cloth, or anny other cloth, shall please theym to by.

"*Item.* That no man, woman, or child, do were in theyr shurttes or smockys, or anny other garmentes, no sauffron, ne have anny more cloth in theyr shurttes or smockes but fyve standart elles of that contry cloth.

"*Item.* That every man provyde with all spede, long bowys and Englyshe arrows, and haunt shotying, and specially every holyday, and to leave all other unlawful gamys."*

His exhortation to them to draw the long-bow seems to have been attended with much success.

"Their infants of the meaner sort are neither swaddled nor lapped in linen, but

* State Papers, p. 122.

foulded up starke naked in a blankett till they can goe, and then if they get a piece of rugge to cover them, they are well sped. Linen shirts the rich doe weare for wantonness and bravarie, with wide hanging sleeves playted: thirtie yards are little enough for one of them." So that an Irish shirt of that time must have taken about the same quantity of cloth required to make a pair of sheets of the present day. They grew at last to such enormous dimensions as to be restrained by act of parliament. Till the time of Henry the Eighth they dyed their linen with saffron to save washing; but, in Campion's time, this custom was fallen into disuse, and they had become so cleanly as to change their shirts once a quarter.

"They have now," he says, "left their saffron, and learne to wash their shirts foure or five times in a yeare."*

Several acts of parliament were passed to regulate the dress in Ireland; as well to prevent the English from adopting the Irish customs as to force the latter to dress like the English. An act was passed in 1447,

* "History of Ireland," p. 24.

"That he that will be taken for an Englishman shall not use a beard upon his upper lip alone; the offender shall be taken for an Irish enemy, for that now there is no diversity in array betwixt marchours and the Irish enemies, and so by colour of the English marchours the Irish enemies do come from day to day to enter into the English marchours, and do rob and spill by the highways, and destroy the common people, by lodging upon them in the night, and also do kill the husbands in the nights . . . . wherefore it is ordained, that no manner (of) man that will be taken for an Englishman, shall have no beard above his mouth, that is to say, that he have no haire upon his upper lip, so that the said lip be once at least shaven every fortnight, or of equal growth with the nether lip."* In the 5th Edw. IV. it was enacted, that every Irishman dwelling among the English in the four counties of the Pale "shall goe like to one Englishman in apparel and shaving of his beard above his mouth, and shall take a surname of one towne, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, &c.; or colour, as White, Black, Brown."†

* Statutes at large (Ireland), vol. i. p. 7.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 29.

In the 28th Henry VIII. (1537), it was enacted, "that no person or persons . . . . . from and after the first day of May, 1539, shall be shorn or shaven above the eares, or use the wearing of haire upon their heads like unto long lockes calleđ glibbes; or have or use any haire growing on their upper lippes, called or named a crommeal, or use or weare any shirt, smock, kerchor, bendel, neckkerchour, mocket, or linnen cappe, coloured or dyd with saffron; ne yet use, nor weare in any their shirts or smockes above seven yards of cloth, to be measured according to the king's standard; and that also no woman use or weare any kyrtell, or cote, tucked up or imbroydred or garnished with silke, or couched ne layde with usker, after the Irish fashion; and that no person, or persons of what estate, condition, or degree they be, shall use or weare any mantell, cote, or hood, made after the Irish fashion; and if any person or persons weare any shirt, smocke, cote, hood, mantell, kerchor, bendell, neckkerchor, mocket, or linnen cap, contrary to the forme above received . . . then it shall be lawful for every the king's true subject to seize the same . . . . but mantles may be worn on a journey."

It must be confessed that the act is sufficiently liberal in the allowance of seven yards, sufficient for two shirts of these degenerate days.

The Irish lords seem to have been put to some inconvenience by an act passed by the lord-deputy, Sir Edward Poyning, compelling them to appear in parliament in their robes; "which," says Fuller, "put a face of grandeur and state upon their convention. And, indeed, formalities are more than formalities in matters of this nature, essential to beget veneration in barbarous people, who carry much of their brain in their eyes." As the lords appear to have dressed in much the same way as the lower orders, and probably attended the House in their saffron shirts and mantles, such an enactment was loudly called for.

The following is Lord Thomas Fitzgerald's description of his state when in prison :—

"I never had eny mony sins I cam into pryson, but a nobull, now I have had nothyr hosyn, dublet, nor shoys, nor shyrt, but on; no eny other garment but a syngyll fryse gowne, for a velve furryd wythe bowge, and so I have gone wolward and barefote, and

barelegyd, diverse times (whan ytt hath not ben very warme); and so I shuld have don styll and now, but that pore prysoners, of ther gentylnes, hath sumtyme geven me old hosyn, and shoys, and old shyrtes."*

And his younger brother, when he fled abroad, was "convayed aborde the ship in the nyght, in a small cocke, havyng on but a saffronyd shurtt, and barheaddyd, lyke one of the wyllde Yreshe."†

O'Neill, on his submission, and being made Earl of Tyrone, begged of Henry the Eighth a gold chain; and his majesty appears to have acceded to the request very handsomely:— "And for his reward, We gave him a chayne of threescore poundes and odd, and We payd for his robes threescore and five poundes, and the charges of his creation threescore and five poundes, ten shillings, and two pens; and We gave him in redy money oon hundred poundes stirling."‡

The following request of the Earl of Desmond, "the noblest man in all the realm,"

* His letter to Roth. Moore, vol. iii. p. 286.

† Warner: Moore, p. 287.

‡ Letter of Hen. VIII. to the Lord-Deputy. State Papers, p. 381.

"lets in more light," says Mr. Moore, "on the social condition of the Irish Dynasts of that period, than could ever be collected from such merely public events as form the whole and sole materials of our general history." He requests "that the King would provide him with robes to wear in parliament, and likewise with apparel for his daily use, whereof he hath great lack." Sir Anthony Sentleger, the lord-deputy, "had already given this earl a gown, jacket, doublet, hose, and other articles of dress, for which he was very thankful, and wore in all places where he accompanied the lord-deputy . . . . Mac Gilpatrick, also, who shortly after was created Baron of Upper Ossory, and O'Reilly, who was to be made Viscount of Cavan, were provided in like manner with robes for parliament by the king; while the Chief O'Rourke, who is described as a man somewhat gross, and not trained to repair unto his majesty, made petition only for a suit of ordinary apparel."*

It certainly does give a curious picture of a nobleman, who ruled over three counties, asking not for parliamentary robes only, but com-

* Moore, vol. iii. p. 318.

mon wearing-apparel, and thankfully accepting what was given. But still more amusing is the account of "the two Geraldine Lords of Munster, the Lord Roche and the White Knight, who having, by their constant quarrels and inroads, entirely wasted each other's territories," are seized and delivered up "to be poonysshed;" "and so I have laid them bothe in your Castell of Dublyn, where now they agree very well together, and lye bothe in one bedde, that before could not agree in a countrey of fourty myles in length betweene them, and under ther rule. I purpose they shall ther remayne till ther amytie be better confyrmed, and then, God willing, and your high pleasure so knowen, I entende to sende them home free, and apparaill them lyke Englishmen, for now they be in their saffren shurtes and kernoghes cotes. I must of force so doo, or elles drive them to greate extremyte, for I think they bothe, with all their ryches, wolde not bye themselffes one apparell, and pay for ther bourdes in your saide Castell for one quarter of a yeare; and yet I am sure ther landes, well orderid, wolde make them bothe greate lordes."*

* Sentleger to Hen. VIII. State Papers, p. 394.

"The English reader will, perhaps, be surprised that their wearing dirty shirts, asking for old clothes, taking thankfully any thing that is offered—as well as the great O'Neill's being unable to write his own name, was entirely owing to Saxon misrule.

"There needs no further or stronger evidence of the embruting effects of the policy of the Pale, and the sort of frightful retribution by which it debased as well the rulers as the ruled."*

But O'Donnel's dress is a splendid exception to the general fashion,—"a coat of crimson velvet with aiglets of gold, twenty or thirty pair; over that a great double cloak of crimson satin, bordered with black velvet, and in his bonnet a feather set full of aiglets of gold." No wonder he is supposed, "in point of civilisation, to be somewhat advanced beyond the generality of his brother chiefs."†

The following is a curious instance of a wish to avoid notoriety in an Irish member of parliament; a feeling of which there are few examples at the present day:—

"Sir John Perrot summoned the parliament

* Moore, vol. iii. p. 319. † Ibid. vol. iii. p. 321.

to meet in Dublin, 26 April, 1585 . . . . but only in English attire. And although it appeared uncouth for some of them to be so clad (who preferred Custom before Decency, and Opinion before Reason), yet he constrained them . . . . The better to encourage them hereto, the Lord Deputy bestowed both gownes and cloakes of velvet and satten on some of them . . . . and yet they thought not themselves so richly, or at least so contentedly, attired as in their mantles, and other their country habits. Among them we may remember one, who, being put into English apparel, came unto the Lord Deputy and besought one thing of him, which was, that it would please his lordship to put one of his chaplains, whom he termed his priest, to accompany him, arrayed in Irish apparel; 'and then,' quoth he, 'they will wonder as much at him as they do now at me, so shall I pass more quietly and unpointed at.'" *

The chaplain's astonishment at this proposition may be imagined; and it would be hard to say which was probably the more absurd figure, the reverend gentleman in his Irish

* Ware's "Antiquities," vol. ii. p. 177.

costume, or the honourable member in his velvet and satin.

It is, perhaps, being a little too fanciful to imagine the parliamentary language of those days, — "The noble Jord in the glib; the honourable gentleman in the saffron shirt; the gallant officer in the kernoghe coat; or the last speaker in the Irish trossers."

Long before this the municipal authorities seem to have set the nobles a splendid example of finery in their apparel. In Ap. Parry's letter to Cromwell (1535), narrating the expedition of the Lord Butler into the south, he says they were received by the mayor of Cork, with his brethren, in their "scarlet gownes and typetts of velvett, after the Ynglyshe faschyon."*

He notices the good cheer at Youghal, and that Gascon wine was at fourpence a gallon.

We have seen that O'Rourke, not being "trained to repair unto his majesty," required only a common dress. The following is the kind of training by which Desmond is made a courtier:—

"It happened that upon some occasion he

* State Papers, p. 106.

(the Lord-Deputy, Sir Edward Bellingham) sent for the Earle of Desmond, who refused to come unto him, whereupon calling vnto him his companie . . . . . he forthwith rode into Munster vnto the house of the earl; being then Christmas, and being unlooked-for and unthought-of, he went in to the earl, whom he found sitting by the fire, and there took him . . . . and carried him with him to Dublin. This earle was verie rude, both in gesture and in apparell; having, for want of good nurture, as much good manners as his kerns and his followers could teach him. The deputie having him at Dublin, did so instruct, schoole, and inform him, that he made a new man of him, and reduced him to a conformitie in manners, apparell, and behauiour apperteining to his estate and degree, as also to the knowledge of his dutie and obedience to his souereigne and prince, and made him to kneele upon his knees, sometimes an houre togethir, before he knew his dutie . . . . That though it were verie strange to the earle, who having not beene trained up in anie civility, knew not what apperteined to his dutie and calling . . . . yet thought himself most happy that ever he was acquainted with the said deputie; and did for ever after so much

honour him, as that continuallie all his life-time, at euerie dinner and supper, he would praie for the good Sir Edward Bellingham; and at all callings he was so obedient and dutifull as none more in that land."*

A powerful nobleman put to kneel by the hour together for practice, is, perhaps, as curious a trait of manners as any that could be noticed; and his patience and gratitude under the circumstances are not the less so. Of the rudeness of the times, volumes might be quoted. This is the way they changed horses on a journey. Fitz Morris is on a pilgrimage to the Holy Rood in Tipperary.

"And when he came so farre, his carriage-horses (which they terme garons) waxed faint, and could not travele anie further, whereupon he commanded some of his men to go before and look what garons they found in the fields. . . . . And it fell out they espied a plow of garons plowing in the field, which they forthwith tooke perforce . . . . and carried them awaie. Whereupon, *according to the custome of the countrie, the hobub*, or hue-and-crie, was raised. Sir William Burke and three or four

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 324.

of his sonnes, and verie tall gentlemen at home with him, they tooke their horses and a few kernes, and two shot with them, and followed the track . . . . James Fitz Morris, standing upon his reputation, thought it too much dishonourable vnto him to depart with that which he had in hand . . . . and whereupon each party set spurre to the horsses, and encountered the one the other. The skirmish was verie hot and cruell, and Theobald Burke and one of his yoonger brethren were slaine, and some of their men. Fitz Morris likewise and his companie had the like success; for he himself was first hurt and wounded, and then with a shot stricken through the head, &c."*

The off-hand way in which they cut people down without inquiry, may be instanced in the death of the Earl of Desmond, when in rebellion in Queen Elizabeth's time. A party is out in search of him.

"And in the dark night (on a mountain near Tralee), one of them had espied through the trees a fire not farre off, whereupon they caused one of themselves closelie and secretlie to draw towards the fire . . . . and when he

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 412.

returned backe unto them, he told them there was an old bad house, and about five or six persons therein. . . . . And when they were come to the house, they found in it but onelie one old man, for the residue were gone. Then Kollie drew his sword, and strake the old man, with which blow he had almost cut off one of his armes; and then he strake him again, and gave him a greate blow on the side of his head, wherewith the old man cried out, desiring them to save his life, for he was Earle of Desmond, and then Kollie staid his hands; but the earle bled so fast, that he waxed verie faint, and could not travel anie further, whereupon the said Kollie bid and willed him to prepare himself to die; and then strake off the earle's head . . . . . They sent the earle's head vnto the lord-general; who foorthwith sent the same into England for a present to hir maiestie; which foorthwith was put upon a pole, and set on London bridge." *

The old chronicles abound in personal traits, in which consist the great charm of their pages. Take this scene in the Tower, where Kildare is confined:—

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 454.

"One night when the lieutenant and he, for disport, were playing at slide-groat, suddenly commeth from the Cardinell (Wolsey) a mandet to execute Kildare on the morrow. The earle, marking the lieutenant's deep sigh in reading the bill, 'By Saint Bride,' quoth he, 'there is some mad game in that scrolle; but, fall how it will, this throw is for a huddle.'"

The lieutenant goes to the king at midnight, to ascertain from his own mouth if it were so; and we rejoice to find that "King Henry, controlling the saucinesse of the priest, gave him his signet in token of countermand."*

The hangers-on of Irish families, who would do nothing for their own living, have always been a grievance.

"It was also ordered (1575, by Sir Henry Sidney), that for the cutting off and abolishing of the great swarmes and clusters of idlers which, like waspes, troubled the whole land, and lived onlie by spoile and rapine: that everie nobleman and gentleman should give and deliver in the names of everie servant and follower which he had, and should see the same to be booked and registered. And if

* Campion, vol. i. p. 172.

anie of them were found vnbooked . . . . . he should be vsed as a fellon wheresoever he was taken; and for all such as whose names were registered, his lord and master should answer for him."*

In answer to the perpetual outcry against the English governments of every age since the conquest, for their constant wars against the Irish, and the cruelties exercised towards them, it may be answered, that in no single instance was any expedition undertaken by the English, except to repel an attack and defend their own borders, or to put down some enormous rebel, such as Shane O'Neill, or Desmond, or Tyrone.

"If," says Sir John Davies, "he (Richard II.) had broken the Irish with a war, and after established the English laws amongst them, and not have been satisfied with their light submissions, wherewith in all ages they have mocked and abused the state of England. . . ."†

This is the way they softened the young king.

"The Irish chieftains, laying aside their skins (skeins?) and their caps, and falling down at his feet upon their knees, which when

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 381. † "Historical Tracts," p. 36.

they had performed, the earl (marshal) gave unto each of them *osculum pacis.*"*

"With these humilities they satisfied the young king; and by their bowing and bending avoided the present storm, and so broke that army which was prepared to break them. The king feasted them; gave the honour of knighthood to diverse of them, did break up and dissolve the army, and return into England with much honour and small profit ..... He was no sooner returned into England, but those Irish lords laid aside their masks of humility ..... and began to infest the borders."†

The readiness with which every English government has pardoned the great mischief-makers of Ireland is remarkable, even down to the present day, and in almost every instance their submission has been rewarded with honours and advantages; gold chains and earldoms formerly—good appointments now.

Instead of the Irish becoming degenerate from their intercourse with the English, it seems to have been quite the contrary.

"I remit their repudiation of their wives, their promiscuous generation of children, their

* "Historical Tracts," p. 39. † Ibid. p. 37.

neglect of lawful matrimony, their uncleanness in apparel, diet, and lodging, and their contempt and scorn of all things necessary for the civil life of man.

"These were the Irish customs which the English did embrace and use . . . . . whereby they became degenerate and metamorphosed . . . . . and were turned into beasts; and yet took such pleasure in their beastly manner of life, as they would not return to their shape of men again . . . . . They not only forget the English language, but grow ashamed of their very English names, though they were noble and of great antiquity, and took Irish surnames and nicknames."*

And Spenser says,—

"It is more than ever I heard that any English there should bee worse than the Irish. Lord, how quickly doth that country alter men's natures!"†

Campion is of the same opinion,—

"Againe, the verie English of birth, conversant with the brutish sort of that people, become degenerate in short space, and are

* "Historical Tracts," p. 147.

† "State of Ireland," p. 237.

quite altered into the worst ranke of Irish rogues; such a force hath education to make or marre." *

The Irish character is in extremes.

" In which virtue and diverse other how farre the best excell, so far in gluttonie and other hatefull crimes, the vicious they are worse than too badde." †

He makes the conquest their greatest blessing.

" Secondly, it may appear how Ireland is beholding to God for suffering them to be conquered, whereby many of these enormities were cured, and more might be, would themselves be plyable." ‡

This was their law of inheritance:—

" The inheritance descendeth not to the sonne, but to the brother, nephew, or cousin-germaine, eldest and most valiant: for the childe, being oftentimes left in nonage, were never able to defend their propertie, being his no longer than he can hold it by force of armes.

" But by that time he grow to a competent age, and have buryed an vncle or two, he also taketh his turne, and leaveth it in like

* Campion's "History of Ireland," p. 20.
† Ibid. p. 19. ‡ Ibid. p. 21.

order to his posterity. This custome breedeth among them continuall warres and treasons."*

The following anecdote is familiar; but not, perhaps, in the language of the old chronicler:

"Gerald Fitz Gerald, earl of Kildare, a mighty made man, full of honour and courage .... open and passionable, in his moode desperate .... being charged before King Henry the VIIth for burning the church of Cashel, and many witnesses to avouch against him the truth of that article, he suddainly confessed the fact, to the great wondering and delectation of the councell, when it was looked how he would justify the matter.

"'By Jesus,' (quoth he,) 'I would never have done it, had it not beene told me that the archbishop was within.' And because the archbishop was one of his busiest accusers there present, merrilie laughed the king at the plainnesse of the man to see him alleadge that intent for excuse, which most of all did aggravate his fault. The last article against him they conceived in these tearmes—'Finally, all Ireland cannot rule this earle.' 'No?' (quoth the king); 'then, in good faith, shall this earle

* Campion, p. 28.

rule all Ireland.' Thus was the accusation turned to a jest; the earl returned Lord Deputy, shortly after created knight of the garter, and so died."*

This is a picture of the Countess of Ossory, who undertakes to civilise the Irish: —

"He bare out the charge of his government very worthily through the singular wisdome of his countesse, a lady of such part, that all estates of the realme couched to her; so politique, that nothing was thought substantially debuted without her advice; manlike and tall of stature, very rich and bountifull, a bitter enemy, the only meane of those dayes whereby her husband's countrey was reclaymed from the sluttish and uncleane Irish custome to the English habite, bedding, housekeeping, and civilitie."†

The efficacy of the Irish water in cases of worms, or snakes, may not be generally known.

"It happened also in my time," saith Giraldus Cambrensis, "that in the North of England a knot of yonkers took a nap in the fields. As one of them laie snorting with his

* Campion's "History of Ireland," p. 148.
† Ibid. p. 163.

mouth agape, as though he would have caught flies, it happened that a snake, or adder, slipped into his mouth, and glided downe into his bellie, where harboring itself, it began to roame up and downe, and to feede upon the yoong man his entrals. The patient being sore distracted and above measure tormented with the biting pangs of this greedie ghest, incessantlie praied to God that, if it stood with his gratious will, either wholie to bereave him of his life, or else of his unspeakeable mercie to ease him of his paine. The worme would never cease from gnawing the patient his carcasse; but when he had taken his repast, and his meate was no sooner digested, than it would give a fresh onset in boring his guts. Divers remedies were sought . . . . . pilgrimages to saints . . . . . but he was at length schooled . . . . . to make his speedie repair to Ireland. He did no sooner drink of the water of that iland . . . . . but forthwith he killed the snake . . . . . and so being lustie and livelie, returned into England."*

The hospitality of Dublin, in old times, is thus spoken of: —

* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. vi. p. 10.

"And not onlie their officers so farre excell in hospitalitie, but also the greater part of the ciuitie is generally addicted to such ordinarie and standing houses, as it would make a man muse which waie they are able to bear it out."*

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 23.

CHAPTER III.

FOOD OF ANCIENT IRISH — DRINK — SHANE O'NEILL — HIS MUDBATH AND RUSHLIGHT — HARPER — ANCIENT CADS — COSHERING — ACT TO PUT DOWN — GAMBLING — CARD PARTY IN STRAW — VANITY — HOAXING — MERLIN TAKEN IN — PLOUGHING BY THE TAIL — ACT TO PREVENT — PLUCKING SHEEP — COW'S COMPULSION BILL — BURNING CORN INSTEAD OF THRESHING — ALL OWING TO SAXON MISRULE.

Of the Irish diet, this is the account in Holinshed: —

"Water cresses, which they terme shamrocks, roots and other herbes, they feed upon; oatmeale and butter they cram together; they drinke wheie, milk, and beefe broth. Flesh they devour without bread, and that halfe raw, the rest boileth in their stomach with aqua vite, which they swill in after such a surfet by quarts and pottels. They let their cows blood, which growne to a gellie, they bake and over-

spread with butter, and so eate it in lumps. No meate they fancie so much as porke, and the fatter the better."*

They sat down to table in this way:—

"When the Irish met together at their ordinary entertainments, they sat down in a ring on rushes or beds of grass, instead of benches or couches. When they were placed, three-legged wooden tables were set before them covered with victuals . . . . Such as bread baked on a gridiron or under the ashes, milk, meats, flesh and fish, both broiled and boiled. The waiters in the mean time serving drink about in cups made of wood or horn, and sometimes of brass."†

Speed, quoting St. Hierome, makes the Irish of early times cannibals, "who used to feed on the buttocks of boies and women's paps, as their most dainty and delicate dish."‡

Their taste for rumpsteaks shewed itself in the 17th century:—

"They roasted Master Watson alive, after they had cut a collop from either buttock."§

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 67.
† Ware's "Antiquities," vol. ii. p. 182.
‡ Speed's "Chronicles," p. 167.
§ Temple's "History," p. 123.

What can exceed this picture of diabolical revenge, extended from the murdered English to their cattle?—

"At the siege of Augher, they would not kill any English beast and then eat it, but they cut collops out of them being alive, letting them then rore till they had no more flesh upon their backs; so that sometimes a beast would live two or three days together in that torment."*

It will not be out of place here to mention a monster-brewing of beef-tea introduced at the coronation of the kings of Ulster, and which differs from all other culinary preparations in this, that the consumers formed a portion of the ingredients. Campion says,—

"In Ulster thus they used to crowne their king: a white cow was brought forth, which the king must kill and seethe in water whole, and bathe himself therein starke naked; then sitting in the same cauldron, his people about him, together with them he must eat the flesh and drinke the broath wherein he sitteth, without cuppe or dish or use of his hand. So much for their old customes."†

* Temple's "History," p. 124.

† Campion, p. 24.

A pleasant party in a soup-tureen. But the chronicler is not so explanatory as could be wished. Were the subjects, as well as the monarch, restricted to the use of their mouths only? in which case the gnawing at a tough cow must have been a work of much labour. Were they tied to time? Were they allowed to get out of the soup, or obliged to finish the whole at a sitting? Did they keep the soup warm? It is uncomfortable to be left in the dark on these points. Perhaps the origin of Beef-eaters, as attendants upon the court, may be traced to this ceremony? A derivation of such high antiquity must be more satisfactory than merely bringing them from the "Beaufettiers" of Henry VII.

In another part of Ulster it seems they preferred horse-broth; and in the following extract we see how his Majesty went down to dinner:—

"There is, says he (Giraldus), in the northern and more remote parts of Ulster, namely, at Kenelcunil, a certain people who use savage and abominable rites in the creation of their kings. The whole people of their territory being assembled together, a white horse is led out in the midst of them, to which the

person to be created, not a prince but a beast, not a king but an outlaw, makes his approaches on all-fours in the presence of the whole assembly, and there, without any sense of shame or regard to civil prudence, professes himself to be also a beast. Presently the horse is slain, cut in pieces, and boiled; a bath is prepared of the broth for the new monarch, in which he seats himself, and he and his subjects, in a circle round him, eat upon the meat. This done, he drinks of the same broth wherein he bathed, without using any vessel, or his hand, but laps it up with his mouth. The ceremony thus barbarously finished, his kingdom or dominion is confirmed to him."*

The disregard to civil prudence which these monarchs evinced in making beasts of themselves has been unhappily shewn by others of later date. The Kenelcunilians had a decided advantage over the Coweaters, in that their *pièce de résistance* was cut up for them; though we may imagine the picturesque confusion of seizing upon the joints with their teeth only, and then lapping up the soup.

As their eating partook of a monster cha-

* Ware's "Antiquities," vol. ii. p. 65.

racter, so it appears did their potations. This is an anti-Mathewite of those days :—

"One Theoricus wrote a proper treatise of aqua vite, wherein he praiseth it unto the ninth degree." (A delicate way of saying he was a nine-tumbler man.) "He distinguisheth three sorts—simplex, composita, and perfectissima." (A simple dram, punch, and probably a peculiar toddy of his own brewing.) "He wisheth it to be taken as well before meat as after. Being moderately taken, it lighteneth the mind, it quickeneth the spirits . . . it keepeth and preservith the head from whirling, the eyes from dazeling, the toong from lisping, the mouth from maffling, the teeth from chattering, the throat from rattling, &c."*

At the present day we find the direct contrary of some of the symptoms recorded by the chronicler, those in particular which relate to the eyes and the "toong;" though many people will be disposed to agree with him, that "truly it is a sovereign liquor if it be orderlie taken."

Here is a picture of a convivial gentleman of the sixteenth century—the celebrated Shane

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 8.

O'Neill, an instigator of one of the "notorious and 'main rebellions" of Elizabeth's time, and a man who so detested the English, that he called his place "The Hatred of Englishmen," and hanged one of his servants for eating an English biscuit.

"Subtill and craftie he was, especiallie in the morning; but in the residue of the daie verie vncertaine and vnstable, and much given to excessive gulping and surfetting. And albeit he had most commonlie 200 tunnes of wine in his cellar at Dundrun, and had his full fill thereof, yet was he never satisfied till he had swallowed vp marvellous great quantities of vskebagh, or aqua vite of that countrie; whereof so vnmeasurable he would drinke and bouse, that for the quenching of the heat of the bodie, which by that means was most extremely inflamed and distempered, he was eftsoones conueied (as the common report was) into a deepe pit, and standing vpright in the same, the earth was cast round about him up to the hard chin, and there he would remaine untill such time as his bodie was recouered to some temperature." *

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 331.

Shane o'Neill was in the habit of burning a rushlight at night; a wise precaution, considering the state in which he went to bed. As in his drinking, so in his night-light, he ran into extremes.

"When Coloah O'Donnell sent spies into Shane O'Neill's camp . . . they saw (in his tent) a light made of rushes and tallow, and twisted together to so large a size that it was as thick as a man's waist, and gave light to a great distance."*

To the luxurious habits of this chieftain we are, perhaps, indebted for the modern mud-bath; though to a true appreciation of its delights—at least as a cold application—it would be necessary to "drinke and bouse," like the great originator. When covered up to the "hard chin"—a phrase which conveys to us some idea of his style of countenance—as inferring a double chin, as well as the comfort of not having the trouble to support his head—with his "glibbe" let down to shade his eyes, he was doubtless attended by the family harper and story-teller, to beguile the time "till such time as he was recovered to some temperature."

* Ware's "Antiquities," vol. ii. p. 184.

"One office in the house of noble men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his lord asleepe with tales vain and frivolous, whereunto the number give sooth and credit."*

The harper seems to have required some management, like the *artistes* of the present day.

"And when the harper twangeth or singeth a song, all the companie must be whist, or else he chafeth like a cut-purse by reason his harmonie is not had in better price."†

The cads of old are thus noticed:—

"They observe divers degrees, according to which each man is regarded. The basest sort among them are little yoong wags, called Daltins; those are lacqies, and are serviceable to the groomes, or horse-boies, who are a degree above the daltins."‡

This is a picture of the young gentlemen who hung loose upon the country, and ready to bestow their tediousness upon any who would receive them.

"The fifth degree is to be an horsse man, which is the chiefest next the lord or captein.

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 68. † Ibid. p. 67.

‡ Ibid. p. 68. See an account of these "little yoong wags," vol. i. p. 232, et seq.

These horsse men, when they have no staie of their owne, gad and range from house to house like arrant knights of the round table, and they never dismount untill they ride into the hall, and as farre as the table."*

The practice, which we moderns call sponging, was formerly coshering, and grew to such a ruinous excess that acts were passed to put it down. Sir John Davies thus describes the system:—

"Cosherings were visitations of the lords amongst their tenants . . . wherein he did eat them out of house and home . . . which made the lord an absolute tyrant, and the tenant a very slave and villein; and in one respect more miserable than bond slaves. For commonly the bond slave is fed by his lord, but here the lord was fed by his bond slave."†

In the report of the Irish council to Henry the Eighth, the practice is thus noticed:—

"Item: the said Erles of Desmond, Kildare, and Ossory, their wiffis, childrene, and servauntes, do use after the custumbe and usage of wylde Iryshemen to cum with a gret

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 69.

† Davies' "Historical Tracts," p. 143.

multitude of peple to monasterris and gentlemen ys howsis, and ther to contynue 2 dais and 2 nightes, taking met and drink at ther plesurs, and the horssis and kepers to be sheiffted or dyvydyt un the pore farmors, next to that place adjoynyng, haing nothing therfor; so as they be found in thys maner in other men is howsis moo then halff the yere by this wild Irish custume off extorcion, and spare ther own howsis."*

In the third year of Edward II. was "An Act to restrain great lords from taking of prizes, lodging and sojourning against the will of the owner. Forasmuch as merchants and the common people of this land are much impoverished and oppressed by the great lords of the land, which take what they will throughout the countrey without paying anything, or agreeing with the owners for the same; and also forasmuch as they will sojourn and lodge at their pleasure with the good people of the countrey against their wills to destroy and empoverish them, &c. It shall be holden for open robbery, and the king shall have the suit thereof if others will not dare to sue."†

* State Papers, p. 69.

† Irish Statutes at Large, vol. i. p. 1.

In the 10th–11th Charles I., this subject again occupies the attention of the legislature.

An Act for the suppression of cosherers and idle wanderers:—"Whereas there are many young gentlemen of this kingdom that have little or nothing to live on of their owne, and will not apply themselves to labour or other honest or industrious courses to support themselves, but doe live idely and inordinately, coshering upon the country, and sessing themselves, their followers, their horses, their greyhounds, upon the poore inhabitants; sometimes exacting money from them to spare them and their tenants, and to goe elsewhere to their eaught and adraught, viz. supper and breakfast; and sometimes craving helpe from them; all of which the poore people dare not deny them, sometimes for shame, but most commonly for feare of mischief to be done . . . . And by that lawless kind of life of these idle gentlemen and others, being commonly active young men, and such as seek to have many followers and dependants upon them . . . . for they are apt upon the least occasion of disturbance or insurrection to rifle and make bootie of his majesty's loyale subjects . . . . and in the mean time doe and must sometimes

support their excessive and expencefull drinking and gaming by secret stealths or growing into debts; or oftentimes filch and stand upon their keeping, and are not amesnable to the law .... Be it enacted .... that any person that shall walke up and downe the countrie with one or more greyhound or greyhounds, or shall exact meat or drink or money .... or shall crave any helps in such sort as the poore people dare not denie the same, *for feare of some scandalous rime or song* to be made upon them, or some worse inconvenience to be done them," &c. &c.*

Their requiring to be bought off where they invited themselves to breakfast or supper, has a parallel in some of our vile street musicians, who levy a somewhat similar exaction upon the lovers of peace and quietness, under a threat of their "scandalous rimes and songs."

The love of gambling is thus noticed:— "There is among them a brotherhood of karrows, that proffer to plaie at cards all the yeare long .... they plaie away mantell and all to the bare skin, and then trusse themselves in straw or leaves. For defaulte of other

* Irish Statutes at Large, vol. ii. p. 170 (1635).

stuffe they pawne their glibs, the nailes of their fingers and toes, their dimissaries, which they lease or redeame at the courtesie of the winner."*

The extreme discomfort of a gentleman moving in society with his nails in a state of mortgage, liable to foreclosure at the caprice of the mortgagee — or even with his head of hair at the mercy of a spiteful creditor — need not be dwelt upon. In these hard times we feel how difficult it would be to negotiate a loan upon such personal security, even from the most liberal of the "pure race of the Caucasus."

Though by the modern practice of "knocking" (see *ante*) the dress is sometimes much reduced, yet I have never known a man to go home in leaves, or straw; and a person "cutting in," "trussed" in this way, must have given quite a rural feature to their card parties. The "glib," in its modern form of peruke, is not unfrequently parted with.

The "knocking" system, no doubt, originated in the scarcity of money; for, according to Campion, "they have utterly no coyne stirring in any great lords' houses."

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 69.

There is something characteristic in the following:—

"For the Irishman standeth so much upon his gentilitie that he termeth anie one of the English Septe, Bobdeagh Galteagh, that is, English Churl; but if he be an Englishman born, then he nameth him Bobdeagh Saxounegh, that is, Saxon Churl. So that both are churls, and he the only gentleman. And thereupon, if the basest pezzant of them name himself, he is sure to place himself first, as 'I and O'Neile,' 'I and you,' 'I and he,' 'I and my master;' whereas the courtesie of the English language is clean contrarie."*

This is a notice of the Dublin beggars:—

"Furthermore, there are so manie extraordinarie beggars that dailie swarme there, so charitablie succoured, as that they make the whole ciuitie in effect their hospitall."†

The propensity to hoax, or mystify—or by whatever name it may be called—of which the "Times Commissioner" complains, is not confined to modern times. Even Merlin was taken in by one of their cute noblemen:—

"A nobleman of Ireland had a suit to the

* Holinshed, vol. vi. p. 67. † Ibid. p. 23.

King of England, with whom Merlin was great, to whom he said,—'Merlin, if thou wilt effect my sute, come to Ireland and I will give thee as much land as thou shalt see round about thee: it was done; after his arrival Merlin demanded his promise; the nobleman put him into a cellar, where was a grate, and without a bawne with an high wall. 'Looke out!' saith the Irishman. The Welch Prophet could not see a quoit's caste from him, and thus was he deceived, having left his spirit of prophecy at home."*

A caution to all prophets in future not to visit that country so unprovided.

Perhaps the most extraordinary statute which appears on record is that which prohibits ploughing by the horse's tail. Although it has already appeared in a recent publication, yet I am disposed to enter more fully into its history, and give it in its entire form. The first mention made of it appears under the date of July 26, 1634, as follows:—

"It is this day ordered by the committee for preparing Acts, &c., that His Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor General shall with all

* Hanmer, p. 19.

conveniency, by the advice of His Majesty's Judges of the several Courts, or the more-part of them, make a draught of one or more Acts to be passed for restraining the barbarous custom of plowing by the tail, of pulling the wool off living sheep, of burning corn in the straw, of barking of standing trees, of cutting young trees by stealth, of forcing cows to give milk, and of building houses without chimneys; and likewise for a condition to be inserted unto those Acts, that in case any grant or licence shall hereafter be made or granted by any authority from His Majesty for dispensing with the said law to be made, that then and therefore the said Act or Acts respectively shall be merely void, as to that part to be dispensed with."*

It may be said with confidence, that such a jumble of offences was never brought before the legislature of any other country on the face of the earth. It is a thousand pities that they did not proceed with the Cow's Compulsion Bill, as it might have enlightened us as to the measures taken in cases of obstinacy; they were probably of much the same kind as those

* Journal of House of Lords (Ireland), vol. i. p. 10.

by which they made the bulls "rore" at Augher.

The Tail-ploughing and Wool-pulling Act received the royal assent on the 18th of April, 1635. It is entitled,—

"An Act against plowing by the tayle and pulling the wooll off living sheep.

"Whereas in many places of this kingdome there hath been a long time used a barbarous custome of ploughing, harrowing, drawing, and working with horses, mares, geldings, garrons, and colts by the taile, whereby (besides the cruelty used to the beasts) the breed of horses is much impaired in this kingdome, to the great prejudice thereof: and whereas also divers have and yet do use the like barbarous custome of pulling off the wooll from living sheep instead of clipping or shearing of them: Be it therefore enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, and the Lords Spiritual and Temporall and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, that no person whatsoever shall, after one year next ensuing the end of this present Parliament, plough, harrow, draw, or worke with any horse, gelding, mare, garran, or colt, by the taile; nor shall cause, procure, or suffer any other to plough up or harrow his

ground, or to draw any other carriages with his horses, mares, geldings, garrans, or colts, or any of them, by the taile; and that no person or persons whatsoever shall, after the end of this present Parliament, pull the wool off any living sheep, or cause or procure to be pulled, instead of shearing or clipping of them; and if any shall doe contrarie to this Act, and the intention thereof, that the justices of assize at the generall assizes to be holden before them, and the justices of the peace at their quarter sessions, shall have power by this Act to inquire of, heare, and determine all and every offense and offenses done contrary to this present Act, and to punish the offendors which shall do contrary to the same by fine and imprisonment, as they in their discretion shall think fit."*

As the Act prohibits "working and drawing" as well as ploughing, by the tail, no doubt carriages—introduced into Ireland long before this period—were so drawn, from St. Patrick's chariot downwards.

But our satisfaction at the emancipation of

* The Statutes at Large, passed in the Parliaments held in Ireland, vol. ii. p. 168.

the garrons from this heavy infliction, is somewhat damped by finding in the Journals that on the 11th June, 1640, in the committee of privileges and grievances, "An Act against plowing by the tail and pulling the wool off living sheep, thought fit by the Lords for a time to be suspended."*

Did they think to stave off a rebellion by throwing this boon to them? or, being barred the tail, did they plough by the leg, or the neck, and so hang their horses? That the Act was not effectual to prevent the practice is proved by the fact that, till very lately, if not to the present day, they harrow by the tail in parts of Mayo, Donegal, and Roscommon.†

But the following is, perhaps, even more illustrative of the Irish character:—

"An Act to prevent the unprofitable custom of burning corne in the straw.

"Whereas there is in the remote parts of this kingdom of Ireland, commonly a great dearth of cattell yearly, which for the most part happeneth by reason of the ill husbandrie and improvident care of the owners, that neither

* Lords' Journals, A.D. 1640, 16 Car.

† See *post.*

provide fodder nor store for them in the winter, nor houses to put them in in stormy weather, but a *natural lazie disposition possessing them*, that will not build barnes to house and thresh their corn in, or houses to keep their cattell from the violence of the weather, but the better to enable them to be flitting from their lands and to deceive His Majestie of such debts as may be owing at any time and their landlords of their rents, doe for a great part, instead of threshing burn their corn in the straw, which might relieve their cattell in winter and afford materials towards the covering or thatching their houses, and spoiling the corne, making it black, loathsome, and filthy; for prevention of which," &c. (ten days' imprisonment in the common gaol of the county).

"Provided in late seasons it may be lawful for the owner of as much corne of any kinde as shall be sowed after one plough yearly, for the space of two years after the making of this Act, to burn six bartes of corn (accounting twenty ordinary shaves to the barte.)"*

Can any thing shew the Celtic character better than this? Here was a people living

* Statutes at Large (Ireland), vol. ii. p. 171.

in houses roofless for want of straw, and their cattle dying for lack of fodder, yet too lazy to take the trouble of threshing out their corn, and so supplying themselves with what they needed; so they threw the wheatsheaves into the fire, and, when the straw was consumed, raked up the "black, loathsome, and filthy" grain out of the ashes! No doubt this burning of their corn, ploughing by the tail, and plucking their living sheep, as well as their breechless nobles wearing dirty shirts and begging for old clothes, were all brought about by "Saxon misrule." One thing, however, we may defy even an Irish patriot to assert — they learnt none of these practices from Saxon example.

CHAPTER IV.

FACTS FROM GWEEDORE—M'KYE'S INVENTORY—GOING TO BED—HOUSES IN DONEGAL—A SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME—A GUTTER SAMARITAN—ANECDOTES—A HARROWING SPECTACLE—COMPARISON OF ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF CABINS—ENGLISH SETTLERS SETTLED—WELSH SETTLERS—CONCLUSION.

I SHALL conclude with a short notice of a very pleasant little pamphlet entitled "Facts from Gweedore," compiled from the notes of Lord George Hill, who some years ago purchased a considerable property in the wildest part of Donegal—a tract of country that had been all but worthless to all former proprietors, from the difficulty and almost impossibility of collecting rents—where the tenants fixed their own rents and paid when they pleased, some being in arrear twenty years—where a landlord or his agent were afraid to shew their faces, and where, on one occasion, a sheriff's officer was escorted by a whole corps of yeomanry—where the people were huddled toge-

ther in a state of inconceivable misery and filth, always on the borders of starvation, and where the subdivision of land had been carried to such an extent, that in one place half an acre was held by twenty-six tenants!—here Lord George settled down amongst his tenantry, built a store, opened a shop to supply the poor people with what they wanted, without the ruinous delay and expense of going twenty miles for the commonest article; and after numberless difficulties and opposition, completely succeeded in the object which he had in view; for the amusing and instructive details of which the reader is referred to the book.

Attention was first drawn to this forlorn district by a memorial, or petition, forwarded to the Lord-Lieutenant by Patrick M'Kye, the master of the National School in the parish of Tullaghobegley, barony of Kilmacrennan, county of Donegal, and which found its way into the newspapers. In this very curious document the happy thought occurred to him to introduce an inventory of all the goods and chattels in the parish, and many which they had not; the latter being quite as instructive as the former. There is a serio-comic vein in this petition (as in most things Irish) which is

irresistible, and rendered the more touching by the earnestness of the man. The sensitive philanthropist, as he reads it, will hardly know whether to laugh or cry. I shall give a few extracts. This is the inventory of the effects of about 9000 people :—

" 1 cart,
No wheel car,
No coach or any other vehicle,
1 plough,
16 harrows,
8 saddles,
2 pillions,
11 bridles,
20 shovels,
32 rakes,
7 table-forks,
93 chairs,
243 stools,
10 iron grates,
No swine, hogs, or pigs,
27 geese,
3 turkeys,
2 feather beds,
8 chaff beds,
2 stables,
6 cow-houses,
1 national school,
No other school,
1 priest,
No other resident gentleman
No bonnet,
No clock,
3 watches,
8 brass candlesticks,
No looking-glasses above 3*d.* in price,
No boots, no spurs,
No fruit-trees,
No parsnips,
No turnips,
No carrots,
No clover,
Or any other garden vegetables, but potatoes and cabbages; and not more than ten square feet of glass in windows in the whole, with the exception of the chapel, the school-house, the priest's house, Mr. Dombrain's house, and the constabulary barrack."

Seven forks amongst 9000 people is scanty; and especially if the stock of the priest, like himself, is included in the inventory. One of the feather beds would, most likely, belong to his reverence, and the other to Mr. Dombrain, leaving a trifle over a thousand occupants for each of the other beds. The most astonishing thing is, there were no pigs in the parish. But no coach! no boots and spurs! he might almost as well have said,—no powdered footmen, no pink champagne.

He proceeds with a little domestic scene:—

"None of their either married or unmarried women can afford more than one shift, and the fewest number cannot afford any; and more than one-half of both men and women cannot afford shoes to their feet; nor can many of them afford a second bed, but whole families of sons and daughters of mature age indiscriminately lieing together with their parents, and all in the bare buff."

All things considered, it may be taken as a fortunate circumstance that there were only eight candlesticks in the parish.

"They have no means of harrowing their land but with meadow-rakes. Their farms are

so small, that from four to ten farms can be harrowed in a day with one rake."

Farms! they were about the size of the bit of ground in front of a Camberwell villa.

We hate ourselves for laughing at his pathos.

"Their children crying and fainting with hunger, and their parents weeping, being full of grief, hunger, debility, and dejection, with glooming aspect, looking at their children likely to expire in the jaws of starvation."

We have seen the state in which they lay: these are the houses they lay in:—

"Also man and beast housed together; *i. e.* the families in one end of the house and the cattle in the other end of the kitchen.

"Some houses having within its walls from one cwt. of dung, others having from ten to fifteen tons weight of dung, and only cleaned out once a-year!"

Not the least interesting part of the "Memorial" is the sketch of his own lucrative appointment as the "National" schoolmaster, modestly given in the third person.

"I have also to add that the National School has greatly decreased in number of scholars, through hunger and extreme poverty; and the teacher of said school, with a family of

nine persons, depending on a salary of 8*l.* a-year, without any benefit from any other source."

Hear this, ladies and gentlemen interested in the diffusion of useful knowledge. A "National" schoolmaster of this great empire was supporting a family of nine persons on less than three farthings a-day each, till near the middle of the nineteenth century! He thus concludes the paragraph:—

"If I may hyperbolically speak, it is an honour for the Board of Education!"

"Poor fellow! there was no occasion for hyperbole to set off his simple memorial. The force of the naked facts which he lays before us defies the power of any figure of rhetoric to heighten.

It will very naturally be supposed, that on the publication of this statement in the newspapers there was a rush of "patriots" to Tullaghobegley—a portion of the "rent" found its way there, of course—barrels of flour or a cargo of potatoes were shipped, or packing-cases inscribed "A trifle from Conciliation Hall," were forwarded. This, however, does not appear in Lord George's book, though the following paragraph does:—

"Amongst the advantages that resulted from the foregoing petition, which appeared in some English newspapers, was the distribution in the district of supplies of shirts, shifts, flannel petticoats, and bed-ticks, furnished by an English gentleman, whose name has never transpired.*

What a pity that this sneaking fellow—this gutter Samaritan—was ashamed to declare himself! We might have discovered perhaps that he was a "bloated buffoon," or a "one-armed miscreant," "a slobbering pedant," "ugly always," or having some other personal peculiarity on which to hang our jests: at any rate, we might have coined a story of his being well kicked, for as a Saxon he, of course, deserved to be.

The anecdotes in this book are amusing in the extreme; as, for instance, that of the horse that was the property of three people, each of whom shod his own foot, and the beast fell lame because it belonged to nobody to shoe the fourth foot! Of the farmer, who being put into a good house apart from his neighbours, complained that he could not

* "Facts," &c. p. 7.

much longer stand the expense, as he was obliged to keep a maid-servant to talk to his wife. And that of the "rustic Raleigh," who, when the Lord-Lieutenant and his suite were stopped by a bog in the road, unshipped the door of his house and laid it down for the party to ride over; then shouldering the door, he accompanied the cavalcade, laying down his flying-bridge when required.

Such a harrowing spectacle as that presented in the plate might have been seen in this district.

"The land," says Lord George, "has been seen to be harrowed with the harrow made fast to the pony's tail." And in a note,—"This custom of harrowing from the horse's tail prevailed in Erris, county Mayo. A gentleman, in giving evidence before the Land Commissioners, says, 'Harrowing by the horse's tail was practised there until I put an end to it. I had a good deal of trouble in effecting that object, for I was obliged to make an experiment upon one of the countrymen, by getting him to draw a weight after himself by the skirts of his coat. That man is still living upon whom I performed the experiment. You might see the poor horse, with the rope fastened to

his tail, and then to the harrow, and when thus harnessed the man mounted upon him and drove over the field."*

The picture of the Irish houses in M'Kye's memorial shews that, at least in Donegal, they are no better than they were in Spenser's time, who says, because they are "Rather swyne-styes than houses is the chiefest cause of his so beastly manner of life and savage condition, lying and living with his beast in one house, in one roome, in one bed, that is clean strawe, or rather a foul dunghill."†

And a century later Sir Wm. Petty says,— "Six or eight of all the Irish live in a brutish, nasty, condition, as in cabins with neither chimney, door, stairs, nor window; feed chiefly upon milk and potatoes."‡

And Sir John Temple charges it upon the priests that they urged on the hatred of the Irish against the English by a comparison of the manner of living of the two people. "To see the English live handsomely, and to have every thing with much decency about them,

* "Facts," &c. p. 11. † "State of Ireland," p. 135.
‡ "Hist. Rebellion," p. 27.

while they (the Irish) lay nastily buried, as it were, in mire and filthiness; the ordinary sort of people commonly bringing their cattle into their stinking creates, and then naturally delighting to lye among them."*

Irish patriots, who contend for the superiority of the Celtic race over the Saxon, must be puzzled to get over the fact, that the English, whatever their religion, when settled in Ireland, have invariably thriven; and their flourishing state, as contrasted with that of the natives, is dwelt upon by every writer of every age. Sir Phelim O'Neill, one of the most atrocious ruffians that ever existed, and the great instigator of all the horrors of 1641, boasted to Sir John Temple that he encouraged the English to take his land, as it was better cultivated by them, and the rent more punctually paid, than by his own countrymen; and yet by his instigation were 37,000 of them murdered in cold blood!

In truth, from the conquest to the present day, there have been few inducements held out to settlers in Ireland. This is the picture Ap. Parry (before quoted) gives of the lands of the

* "Hist. Rebellion," p. 79.

English, over-run and laid waste by the Irish (1535):—

"Same day we rode sixteen mile of waste land, the whyche was Ynglysh men's grownd, yet saw I never so goodly wodes, so goodly meadowes, so goodly pastures, and so goodly reverse (rivers), and soo goodly grownd to bere corne; and wher the regis (ridges) were, that hathe borne corne, to my thynking ther was no beste dyd ett yt, not these twelve yere, and that it was the moste part syche wast all ower jurney."*

The most persevering race of settlers that Irish—or perhaps any other history—records, is to be found in a Welsh family of the name of M'Gwyllen, the first of whom went over with Strongbow, and they continued to hold their own till the time of Henry VIII., when the head of the family petitioned the king to pardon him for joining in O'Neill's rebellion; and Sentleger, in his letter to the king, says, "He confesseth none of his name, sithe the first conquest of their saide lande, being captain, have died in their beddes, but all slayne by Irisshemen."†

* State Papers, 106. † Ibid. 366.

That the M'Gwyllens should have persevered, and every head of the family regularly killed off during 470 years, gives us a fair idea of Welsh obstinacy. We are pleased to find that they were not only pardoned, but assistance given them when invaded by one called O'Chaan, "a prowde, obstynate Irysheman," who is taken, as is also his castle on the Ban.

It is impossible to live amongst the Irish without liking them, in spite of their faults. Their errors are of the head. They have no individuality: they go in crowds to do things, and can resolve upon nothing without talk and agitation. Their excitable temperament has rendered them in all ages the ready tools of the powerful and designing.

"What did they ever get," says Sir Wm. Petty, "by accompanying their lords into rebellion against the English? What should they have gotten if the late rebellion (1641) had absolutely succeeded, but a more absolute servitude? And when it failed, these poor people lost all their estates, and their leaders encreased theirs, and enjoyed the very land which their leaders caused them to lose. The poorest now in Ireland ride on horseback,

when heretofore the best ran on foot like animals. They wear better clothes than ever; the gentry have better breeding, and the generality of the plebeians more money and freedom."*

And here I take leave of the reader, if any, indeed, have accompanied me so far. To the great majority of us unimaginative Saxons, the Irish character is a profound mystery. It is a jumble of contradictions; a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity; unbounded credulity and the most foolish distrust; a keen sense of honour with the most dishonest jobbing; high spirit and abject dependence; industry and laziness; hard work abroad, apathy at home; a constant clamouring for équal justice, but practising none themselves.

They spend without thought and accept without shame: the old spirit of "coshering" is still strong amongst them, and they are ready to bestow their burdens or their company upon any one who will, under any circumstances, accept the charge. Their sense of right and wrong is different from ours. A

* "Hist. Rebellion," p. 100.

man occupying the high post of a legislator will, for factious and selfish purposes, falsify all history to make out a case; and readily enough abuse any writer who may expose his nefarious practices. A respectable landlord thinks it a clever trick to put his tenants upon the relief list, and there is not a farmer in Ireland who would blush to withhold his seed-wheat and let his land lie fallow, if he thought there was a probability that the Government would find him seed and till his land for him. His long-tongued orators know this, and clamour for him; and even English gentlemen will, for factious purposes, join in the unworthy cry.

It may seem harsh and unkind to say that kindness and conciliation are thrown away upon the Irish in their present state, unless, indeed, it be accompanied by a pretty strong demonstration of power. Savages, or even half-savages, must feel the strong hand to inspire them with respect. Try the conciliatory system in the East, and not even ready money will get you on. Are the Irish civilised? Are they in a condition to be placed on the same footing as the English? Can a people be called civilised where farm-labourers work

under an escort of police? where murderers are fostered and improving landlords shot? where they harrow by the horses' tails? where ball-proof waistcoats are lucrative articles of manufacture? where they believe in O'Higgins? and up to the present moment have paid an impostor a princely income to disunite them from their only friend?

In truth, when we reflect upon the scrapes which this brave, good-humoured, generous, and nose-led people have been brought into in all ages by their kings, their chiefs, their priests, and their patriots, we are astonished to read in Holinshed that

"There is no Irish terme for a knave."

THE END.

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